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The Listener

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S. W. Batting

Magnolia in flower at Bournemouth

In this number:

The Rights of Man—I (Maurice Cranston)

Memories of George Bernard Shaw (Princess Marthe Bibesco)

Mescaline and Mr. Aldous Huxley (R. C. Zaehner)



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Is the Russian Visit Worth While?

By W. N. EWER

I AM not going to discuss what the talks with Mr. Bulganin and Mr. Khrushchev have been about,* because, for once, these talks really have been 'private and confidential'. There have been no 'leaks'. As a newspaper man I must resent that; as a broadcaster I must resent it. But, frankly, I think it is a good thing. I am getting tired of the absurdity of conferences like the last one in Geneva.

There—in Geneva in November—you had four Foreign Ministers, with their officials, supposed to be trying to reach agreement on a number of difficult and complicated problems. And, half an hour after each meeting, four press officers, who have been listening to it all, come out and give the world press a sort of round-by-round account of just what each of the four Foreign Ministers has been saying. That really is nonsense. There is something to be said for open debate. There is something to be said for private talks. There is nothing to be said for having supposedly private talks which are completely public property an hour later.

So, in a way I am glad that I cannot tell you anything about what has been happening either at No. 10 or at Chequers. Do not misunderstand if I say that I doubt if much has in fact been 'happening'. I doubt if, when the final *communiqué* comes out, it will say much except the usual platitudes about a frank and friendly exchange of views. The point of talking in private is that you can throw out an idea, even make an offer, without completely and irrevocably committing yourself. You can bargain, compromise, try to reconcile opposing views. But if every word you say is going to be published an hour later you cannot do that. In fact—ask any business man or trade union leader—you cannot negotiate in

public. You should not expect anything more. You should not expect anything like decisions or agreements. For one thing there are few subjects on which the British and Soviet Governments could take decisions by themselves. Almost anything you can think of that they have been talking about concerns other countries as well. I do not mean other Great Powers: I mean other countries. The time has gone by when 'the Powers', let alone two Powers, could make and enforce decisions—about the Middle East, for example.

But, if nothing definite or concrete is going to come of it—is it all worth while? That is a question I find a number of people asking. I am not thinking of those whose views on the character of the Soviet Union and its leaders are so strong that they regard the whole business of the invitation and the visit as a scandal. Nor am I thinking of those others who see in it just a wonderful opportunity for their propaganda. I find ordinary folk puzzled by this curious mixture of top secret talks and public junketing and speech-making and a sight-seeing tour. State visits—ceremonial visits by kings and queens and heads of state—are as old as the Queen of Sheba, or Hiram, King of Tyre. But this is not a state visit. Neither Bulganin nor Khrushchev is a Head of State. Mr. Khrushchev is not even a Minister, not even a member of the Soviet Government. Officially, he is just a member of the Presidium of the Supreme Soviet: which is almost like saying that he is an M.P. In fact, we all know that he is the Secretary of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union; and that this makes him at least as important as the Soviet Prime Minister himself. But, like everything else about this visit, it is different from what we are used to.

It is not a state visit. On the other hand it is not like those regular, almost routine, meetings that go on between Ministers of countries that are allied or working closely together. M. Guy Mollet, the French Prime Minister, was over here, spending a week-end at Chequers, last month. Nobody paid any attention. It was taken as a matter of course that he should come for talks with our Prime Minister. The whole point of this 'B. and K.' visit is that it is a friendly visit from—let us be frank—one side to the other side: from, if you like, one side of the Iron Curtain to the other; of antagonist to antagonist. That is something rare.

My memory goes back, as it must, to that grim day in Munich in 1938. But that was something different again. There was no good fellowship there. I can still see the tense, drawn faces of our men—Chamberlain, Horace Wilson, Neville Henderson and the rest—as they came out. They thought they had bought peace. But at what a price! There was nothing cheerful about Munich. Oddly, the nearest thing I can remember to this mixture of negotiation and celebration came a few months after Munich; the almost forgotten visit of Chamberlain to Mussolini in Rome in January 1939. It was to be a resuming of 'personal contacts'. There were to be frank talks without any attempt to get definite agreements. The idea was to create a better atmosphere. And there was any amount

of gaiety and Roman hospitality, and cordiality. Those of us who took a rather poor and cynical view of it all—remembering that the Spanish war was still going on—were not too popular.

I do not want to suggest that there is any real parallel. I am just trying to recall something that in any way resembles this mixing of serious diplomatic conversations with social functions. And that is the nearest I can get to it, at any rate in the post-first war world. This really is, so far as I can remember, a unique sort of visit. It is none the worse for that. It is, in a way, a new experiment. Top level talks between heads of governments—of governments which see anything but eye to eye with each other on a number of difficult and even dangerous issues—are being conducted in a new framework: a framework of Guildhall lunches and visits to Oxford and Harwell, and audience with the Queen, and the rest of it.

Will anything come of it? Frankly, I am not very hopeful. The issues between us and the Russians are real and serious, not to be solved by after-lunch or after-dinner speeches, or smiling handshakes in front of the cameras. There can be dangerous deception in that sort of thing. Perhaps this time next week we shall be able to judge better what the end-product of it all is likely to be. But, on the whole, I think that the experiment has been, at any rate, worth trying.—*Home Service*

The End of the Cominform

By K. ZILLIACUS, M.P.

THE news that the Cominform has been dissolved carries me back to the day I first heard it had been founded. That was in October 1947, at Zagreb airport, in Yugoslavia, where seven other Labour Members of Parliament and myself had stopped on our way from Prague to Belgrade. I bought the Zagreb and Belgrade newspapers—and there was the news in splash headlines: the Communist Parties of Bulgaria, Czechoslovakia, France, Italy, Poland, Rumania, the Soviet Union, and Yugoslavia had set up a consultative association and an information centre. They were to meet regularly, in order to discuss and get the benefit of each other's experience. They were also to concert measures against threats, danger, and pressure from outside.

A week later the eight of us were in Sochi on the Black Sea, whither we had been flown down from Moscow for a talk with Stalin. The first question I asked him was about the Cominform. Did it mean a first step to reviving the pre-war Comintern? No, said Stalin. The situation after the second world war was different from what it had been after the first. Then, the new-born Communist Parties were small and weak, and needed the support and guidance of the Comintern to get on their feet. Now, the Communist Parties represented in the Cominform were powerful parties, with mass support, a great deal of experience, a fine record in the resistance movements, and wide responsibilities. 'It would be Utopian and futile', said Stalin, 'to attempt to turn back the wheel of history by trying to direct these parties through the Cominform'. He explained the reasons why they had come together on the same lines as the *communiqué* announcing the foundation of the Cominform.

In short, the Comintern was the Communist International, including all Communist Parties and run by its central executive committee, which in turn was run by the Soviet leaders. Stalin had slurred over the official aims of the Comintern, which were to foment and lead the world social revolution. But he had fairly accurately described what it did in practice—except that it had pretty consistently been an instrument of Soviet policy, serving the interests of the Soviet State as seen by its leaders.

The Cominform was a limited association for limited purposes.

It was supposed to be consultative in character and based on the equal status of all its members. But Stalin's attempt to use the Cominform as an instrument for bringing Tito to heel soon put a different face on things. In my opinion the Cominform was founded, rightly or wrongly, as a counterstroke to the proclamation in March 1947 by President Truman of the policy of anti-Communist containment. The Soviet Government and the Communist Governments in the so-called People's Democracies regarded this as a threat that made it necessary for them to draw together, to toughen up their internal regimes, and to speed-up the change-over from capitalism to socialism. Above all they considered it necessary to accept the over-all leadership of the Soviet Union, on security grounds. This led directly to the Yugoslav stand for freedom, and that again to the purges and treason trials in the People's Democracies in order to suppress so-called Titoists. The wave of terror showed signs of spreading into the Soviet Union when Stalin's death and the approach of saturation point in hydrogen bombs changed the whole situation.

Stalin's successors went in for collective leadership and for conciliation both at home and abroad. They stopped the purges and let the Cominform fade away. Now they have wound it up. They say they have done so because Communism has spread into so many countries, notably China, and there is such a wide peace belt of unattached nations with widely varying social structures, that the Cominform has outlived its usefulness. The *communiqué* announcing the disappearance of the Cominform further suggests that its dissolution may make it easier for Communist Parties to co-operate with other working-class parties and with all in the West who want peace.

That may or may not be so. But at any rate there is small doubt that its dissolution is a further attempt by the Soviet Government to remove obstacles to agreement with the 'neutral' countries and the Western Powers, at every level; nor is there much doubt that this step is the outcome of the internal developments in the Soviet Union during and since the twentieth Communist Congress. That is, it is part of the repudiation of Stalinism.

—'At Home and Abroad' (*Home Service*)

State Lotteries in France

By THOMAS CADETT, B.B.C. Paris correspondent

A COUPLE of hundred years ago or so, talking about the lottery of his time, Jean-Jacques Rousseau said: 'Nothing could be more immoral than this gamble, this child of laziness and cupidity'. But for the past twenty-two years the French Administration has either held different views or it has been prepared to let its conscience be outraged for a consideration. A considerable consideration, I might add: last year's profit to the state worked out at about £14,000,000.

One of the earliest lotteries to be held in France was authorised by King François I, who farmed the concession out to a certain Jean Laurent in 1533. Nearly 150 years later Louis XIV embarked on lotteries to improve his shaky finances. He attended the draw of the first in the series and, to nobody's astonishment, won the principal prize. However, *noblesse oblige*, and he duly handed the money back to the organisers, contenting himself with the normal profit from the operation.

Later on, in 1742, it was Casanova, of scabrous memory, who launched a lottery. This was the one which scandalised Jean-Jacques Rousseau. Others were held at intervals until 1836, when they were forbidden. Then nearly 100 years passed before the lottery was re-introduced. It was in fact not until 1933 that lotteries were again made legal. The first draw was in November of that year. The excitement was terrific; naturally, too, for the first prize was princely—5,000,000 francs, the equivalent of £140,000 today. The fortunate winner was a humble hairdresser of Tarascon, Paul Bonhoure. He had gone to bed at eight o'clock in the evening as usual, having taken a verbal trouncing from his wife for spending 100 hard-earned francs on such a mad thing as a lottery ticket. At midnight a group of wildly excited friends burst into their room and broke the news. After a feverish search the ticket was found, the win confirmed, and M. Bonhoure had become a popular hero. After a triumphal trip to Paris to draw the money he bought a chateau, a smart motor-car, and retired to the country, having made a gift of his barber's shop to his apprentice. Today, at the age of seventy-three he is back again in Tarascon, having lost much of his fortune through no fault of his own.

After a number of changes since the Liberation, the French National Lottery seems to have settled down to a fixed pattern. First there is the regular draw once a week for prizes ranging from the return of one's money, if the last of the six figures on the ticket is right, to £25,000 at the very top. Full tickets for the regular lottery are 1,750 francs, or not quite £1. 16s. 0d. But the main

business is done in tenths; these are put out by various organisations, charitable and otherwise, which buy up the full tickets from the state and issue tenths numbered correspondingly. If done on a large scale this is a highly profitable transaction for the organisers. First of all they make a charge for their services, and, of course, they pocket the money due to those who for some reason or other fail to claim their share of the winnings.



Buying tickets at a French National Lottery booth

In addition to the normal weekly lottery, larger ones with higher priced tickets and bigger prizes are held several times during the year. The biggest of these, usually linked to some horse race on a sweepstake basis for the top prizes, can cost as much as £18 for a ticket, with a first prize of £80,000. Nearly all the tickets in these big draws are subdivided. The drawing is public, and if not held in Paris it is done in one of the provincial towns, and it is combined with some form of entertainment to which people are admitted without charge.

Needless to say, all sorts of human stories, gay and grim, are mixed up with the lottery. Only recently a tobacconist found himself stuck at the last moment with a ticket containing five noughts. Nobody would look at it and it was too late to return it. The next morning he found that he was £30,000 richer. On another occasion a missing winning ticket was successfully traced to a cemetery.

Naturally in such a chancy business many people have their private superstitions, and on Friday the thirteenth ticket sellers find that they do a roaring trade in tenths bearing that final number. These ticket sellers and their little glass-sided booths on the pavement have long since become a familiar part of the Parisian scene, and many people have their own regulars, so to speak. I have my own, and she did me proud recently—a £50 win two weeks running.

One hears—in spite of Jean-Jacques Rousseau—few cases of real harm caused by the lottery. There is the occasional tale of the embezzler who stakes his employer's money in the hope of getting a big win; and to some people the top prize may mean the end of their peace of mind. But to the average man and woman it is just a quiet little gamble, only to be taken seriously if it really comes off.—'From Our Own Correspondent' (Home Service)

The United States Information Service (5 Grosvenor Square, London, W.1) has published a booklet entitled *Presidential Elections in the United States* as a simple background to help the British public to understand news about the United States during the Presidential year. It is supplied post free to all enquirers.

McCarthyism in Decline

By DOUGLAS WILLIS, B.B.C. correspondent in Washington

WHEN, nearly two years ago, I arrived in Washington, our office television set was turned on, admittedly at a low key, all the afternoon, with Senator McCarthy filling the screen, his deep voice rumbling in the Caucus Room of the Senate Office building and in many millions of American homes. The Army-McCarthy hearings, although the junior Senator from Wisconsin was perhaps the last to know, marked the beginning of an end which has not yet come to pass, of an American mood described at its peak by a Supreme Court Judge as 'a black silence of fear, an ominous trend in this nation'.

The worst phases of American concern with subversion are over, but the habit lingers on. McCarthy as an individual is no longer a force and has been deprived of much of his power. He is now rarely reported in the press, but, in the words of Democratic Senator Lehman of New York, 'a climate of apprehension can still be felt in the schools, in the Government Service and in the general body politic'. The teacher, the public figure, or the government servant must still think twice before he makes an appointment, writes a letter, buys a book, discusses an idea, makes a speech, or expresses a controversial opinion. He must, to quote Senator Lehman again, 'weigh and consider how this activity could sound in the mouth of McCarthy or before a Congressional investigating committee'.

It is less than six months since the Civil Service Commission announced that it had a card index file containing the names of 2,000,000 persons affiliated, according to the Commission, with some sort of subversive organisation or activity. The very mention of Senator McCarthy's name is still sufficient to divide almost any given body of people into two opposing sides: those passionately for, and those violently, or even ashamedly, against him and his works. His era has left behind a legacy that persists—when a label such as 'Pinko', 'Left

Wing', or a loosely used epithet such as 'Cissy', can jeopardise a man's employment or his place in society and can become the cause of a libel action.

Recently there have been improvements in the field of civil liberties. The State Department must now disclose why it refuses a citizen a passport. The courts have emerged as prime defenders of civil rights. The American Association of University Professors has censured eight colleges and universities for dismissing the so-called 'Fifth Amendment Professors', for refusing to give evidence in loyalty cases. But recently a national magazine told the story of an ex-air force pilot who, applying for a job, was made to wait more than two years for a security clearance. No reasons were given why the clearance had been withheld. He had spent thousands of dollars to clear his name. Three months after he had got the clearance and the job, he was dismissed because, it was said, he had become a controversial figure.

A Washington lawyer, financed by the Fund for the Republic, has published fifty case histories of what happened to various government employees accused under the Federal Loyalty Security programme. It showed many instances of tenuous accusation; guilt by kinship for deeds long since past, or lengthy, expensive delay and charges made by informants unknown to the accused. Security procedures have been improved in recent months, but there are many who feel that much remains to be done to redress a balance upset by Senator McCarthy and others, who in the last presidential election campaign made political capital by charging from many a platform that Washington was crawling with Communists. Senator McCarthy is no longer a bogey, but the state of mind which he exploited, and to some extent inflamed, survives: that is, a fear of openly admitting or discussing ideas which conflict with what Americans call their 'way of life'.

—*From Our Own Correspondent* (Home Service)

Aspects of Africa

The Continuance of Witchcraft Beliefs

By MAX MARWICK

MANY people assume that the African's beliefs in witchcraft are being reduced by his contact with western culture. Their optimism is based on the fact that the civilisation into which the African is being drawn is founded on a scientific technology and inspired by a monotheistic religion long since freed from the superstitions underlying a belief in witchcraft.

I am going to suggest that exactly the opposite is true. In the long run the optimistic view may prove to be justified, but it seems to me that the immediate effect of contact with western influence is not a decrease but an increase in the African's preoccupation with beliefs in magic, witchcraft, and sorcery—and for these purposes I include sorcery under witchcraft. This is a hypothesis that cannot be conclusively proved. I am making tentative suggestions rather than reporting on established findings, and I am not going into the question whether anyone actually practises witchcraft; I am concerned with the causes and effects of the belief that there are people who practise it. I should also say that, as a result of my particular field experience and interests, the Africans I am talking about are the east-central Bantu of Rhodesia and Nyasaland and the south-eastern Bantu of the Union of South Africa. There is no reason to believe, however, that in this matter at least they differ fundamentally from many other African peoples.

I have admitted that I cannot prove my contention that the African's preoccupation with witch beliefs increases as he becomes enmeshed in the modern social system. The first difficulty is that one cannot gauge such preoccupation simply by counting the heads of those who accept the basic belief that certain persons are witches who kill or impoverish

their fellow man. In my experience the proportion of people accepting this belief is high among both educated and uneducated Africans. One of my estimates, based on a small public opinion poll in a Northern Rhodesian rural area, places it between ninety-nine and a hundred per cent. of the population. But this is a measure of prevalence rather than of preoccupation. It tells us that most people accept the basic witch belief, but it says nothing of the extent to which it preoccupies their minds and worries them. A parallel in our society is the fact that, though we are all aware of the dangers of travelling by car, we vary in the extent to which we worry about the prospect of being killed or maimed in an accident. African witch-anxiety is about as unmeasurable as European accident-anxiety.

The second difficulty is that we cannot speak of increases or decreases in preoccupation with witch beliefs unless we can establish a starting point from which changes are to be measured. There are no records of precisely how witch-ridden Africans were before the coming of western civilisation. We may, of course, ask modern Africans questions such as, 'Are there more or fewer witches nowadays than there were long ago?' It so happens that in the tribe I know best the majority of people assert that there are more witches nowadays than there were long ago. But one cannot regard this majority opinion as firm evidence because the tribe I am referring to depict their golden age, the 'long ago' of my question, as a time when the proportion of witches was kept low by the proper and regular administration of the poison ordeal; and they hold this age in glowing contrast to the degenerate present when, they point out, it is a criminal offence to accuse anyone of witchcraft, let

one submit him to trial by ordeal. In other words, because these people tend to idealise the past—as all societies do—we cannot rely on their comparative views of the present.

But having made these qualifications I must explain why—in common, as it happens, with most anthropologists who have recorded their impressions in the matter—I believe that contact with our civilisation does not and will not quickly emancipate the African from his witch beliefs. In the first place we should not exaggerate the extent to which our own behaviour is influenced by scientific, rational thinking; for, though our technology is based ultimately on scientific principles, the proportion of us who have a truly scientific attitude is very small. We accept the conclusions of our experts as uncritically as primitive men accept the statements of their diviners and medicine men. In short, our traditional magical beliefs have been displaced more by the magic of science than by science itself. We may pride ourselves that our ancestors gave up persecuting witches two and a half centuries ago, but we retain much of the credulity, superstition, and cruelty that motivated them; though we may exhibit these in different fields, such as commercial advertising and political persecution. There are still many among us who believe in astrology, divination by tea-cup, and other practices as irrational as any found in Africa; and in central and southern Africa itself Bantu diviners are not infrequently consulted by their clients.

Dramatised Accusations

Let us take the structural functions first. Anthropologists working in a number of societies report that witchcraft accusations are commonest between persons whom the social structure throws into opposition and conflict, such as rivals in politics, in love, or in work. These accusations periodically dramatise in the idiom of witchcraft the mutual jealousies and irritations of persons in difficult social relationships, and thus serve an important means of purging the social system of destructive tensions. For instance, in many African societies where polygamy is practised, a man's co-wives often give vent to their jealousy by accusing each other of witchcraft. An accusation brings out into the open the underlying causes of the tension between them, and their husband is thereby given the opportunity of making adjustments, such as observing more strictly the rule that he should divide his time equally between them. Tension that culminates in witchcraft accusations often arises in emotionally-charged situations of this sort, or in situations where mutual rights and obligations are not clearly defined, where there is an element of uncertainty in a social relationship. For instance, where inheritance and succession rules are clear and unexceptionable, there can be no jockeying for position; where, on the other hand, they are flexible, tension and witchcraft accusations are almost sure to make their appearance.

A good example of the tension arising from flexibility comes from the Cewa, a matrilineal Bantu people of Nyasaland, Northern Rhodesia and Mozambique. According to the Cewa succession rule, a man's status, for instance a village headmanship, passes on his death to the eldest son of his eldest sister; but the Cewa attach so much importance to personal qualities that they frequently disregard this rule if there is any question of the suitability of the regular heir. So when a man dies it is possible for any one of his sister's sons to succeed him if it can be shown that his rivals are of inferior character. It is not surprising to find that the uncertainty of this situation often leads to a mud-slinging contest between rivals. In an African society the most effective means of blackening a rival's character is to accuse him of witchcraft, and those jockeying for their deceased uncle's headmanship often resort to this mode of expressing their tensions.

Society's Cherished Values

Why should a witchcraft accusation be an effective kind of mud-slinging? This introduces the second, or normative, function of witch beliefs. Witch beliefs provide the villains for a society's morality plays, and thus do much to sustain the body of moral principles that is basic to the social order. To call anyone a witch is to draw attention, though negatively, to the society's most cherished values, such as humanity, justice, and reciprocity. By depicting the witch as the personification of its conception of evil, a society forcibly demonstrates its conception of good. In our society, witch-hunts have usually been associated with clear-cut religious or political controversies. Margaret Murray has argued that European witches were the lingering adherents of the pagan religion displaced by Christianity. Whether one accepts this interesting hypothesis or not, the fact remains that the effect of

the great witch-hunts at the time of the Reformation was to narrow the focus of newly-conceived Christian objectives and to purge the reform groups of those showing the slightest tendency towards eccentricity or heresy. The leaders of the Reformation, whether in Old or New England or at Geneva, were able, by calling heretics witches, to rally to their side a pre-Christian moral indignation.

In view of this it should not surprise us that those Africans at the very point of contact between the two ways of life retain firmly rooted beliefs in witchcraft. It is a matter of common knowledge that when it comes to witch beliefs the labour migrant is often unmoved by his experience of living in our more secular society; the student impervious to the rational arguments of classroom science; and the convert regretfully resigned to a seventeenth-century type of Christianity that has room for witches. These Africans, after all, do not come into daily contact with the 'first principles' of our civilisation any more than we do. They meet ordinary people; and in the circumstances of modern Africa their contact with them is in any case somewhat peripheral.

But the main argument involves a slight digression into sociological theory. It is to the effect that an examination of the social functions of witch beliefs in any society suggests that in the society of Africa today—that is, in the situation of culture contact, as it is sometimes called—witch beliefs fall on more fertile soil than they did before the coming of the Europeans.

What is the 'sociology' of witch beliefs in any society, and what are the implications of this 'sociology' for modern Africa? It is well to remember that during the last thirty or forty years social anthropology, thanks largely to Radcliffe-Brown and Malinowski, has progressed from descriptive ethnography to analytical sociology. There was a time when a social anthropologist was content to make an inventory of the elements, both material and non-material, of the way of life, or culture, of a people. Now he concerns himself primarily with the social significance of these elements. He assumes that each culture-element has a reason for existing, and that this is to be found in the contribution it makes to the effective organisation, and ultimately the survival, of the group concerned. When he applies this approach to the study of witch beliefs, he finds that their social function is twofold. First, they give expression to stresses and strains in the social structure, the network of social relationships linking the members of the group. Secondly, witch beliefs provide occasions for portraying the basic moral principles underlying the social order. If one looks at these two findings more fully, I think it can be shown that, in accordance with either of them, witch beliefs under the conditions prevailing in present-day Africa have important functions.

Insecurity and Anxiety

In modern Africa there are many of the structural tensions and normative conflicts that we have learned to associate elsewhere with witchcraft. First, there are new social alignments creating insecurity and anxiety. Social, economic, and political changes, many of them recently accelerated by development schemes, bring uncertainty, and, from the African viewpoint, a dangerous flexibility, to human relationships. Secondly, there is conflict between modern and indigenous systems of norms and values—in particular, between the traditional co-operation of Africa and the individualism of Europe.

Many of the cases of witchcraft accusations that I have recorded reflect these tensions produced by modern social changes. One finds accusations of witchcraft between fellow workers who are competing for the regard of their employer; between rivals for the inheritance of money earned at work or of property bought with it; between political opponents jockeying for position in the hierarchy of Indirect Rule. Wherever modern changes have brought about situations for which there are no indigenous precedents, and problems for which tribal rules of thumb can offer no solutions, these tensions arise and are often expressed in terms of witchcraft.

As to normative conflicts, consider the clash between Christianity and the indigenous system of values it seeks to displace. There are many points of agreement between the general principles of the two systems—presumably because all human moralities have a common core. But the differences in detail, of which the African is probably more conscious, set the convert sharply off from his pagan brethren, and sometimes create tensions between him and them. Take this case, for instance. A young couple—call them John and Edith—had recently become Christians when John's maternal uncle died. According to tribal custom John should have married his uncle's widow, Norma. His acceptance of Christianity made this impossible since it would have involved him

in a polygamous marriage. The tension that developed as a result of his refusal was described to me by Edith in these words: 'Norma used to threaten my husband, and I wasn't happy until the day she died'. Before that day arrived, however, two of the children of John and Edith had died, and their deaths had both been attributed to Norma's witchcraft. The implication here is that those who defy the traditional morality do so at their peril.

An outstanding example of the conflict between the co-operation of Africa and the individualism of Europe is to be found in the custom returning labour migrants have developed of entering their home villages under cover of darkness. When asked why they do this, they invariably answer that they are afraid of making their relatives envious of their newly acquired wealth and thus exposing themselves to the dangers of their witchcraft. According to African canons of co-operation they should distribute their wealth among their relatives: but, having chosen the path of European individualism, they do not, and they feel guilty and project their guilt into fears of those whom, by African standards, they have wronged.

It is not surprising that, disturbed by modern social changes, Africans sometimes seek solace in the messianic movements that periodically sweep across large parts of the continent. For our purposes it is significant that many of these movements are directed against witches, who become the symbol of all that is uncomfortable, if not unbearable, in the modern situation.

The proposition that I have offered is that the immediate effect of the African's contact with western civilisation is an increase rather than a decrease in this preoccupation with witch beliefs. I have put forward this view with rather more conviction than is justified by the available

evidence, not only because it happens to be my opinion, but also because it is probably less known than the more optimistic, opposed view. It is essential, I think, not to be too strongly committed to either view for this is a matter of great practical consequence. The success of government, development, and evangelisation will depend to some extent on the accuracy of the assumptions we make about African incentives. The present-day counter-revolution in racial psychology, which emphasises equality in the mental capacity of different races, may incline us to assume that the incentives that appeal to us appeal also to Africans. But we should not confuse potentiality with its realisation. Because from early childhood Africans are habituated to a culture different from ours they may be expected—in our generation, at least—to employ their talents and interests in directions different from those in which we employ ours. Development and other policies will be misdirected if we ignore this, and particularly if we ignore, or underestimate, the hold of witchcraft beliefs. So long as the African explains illness, crop failure and industrial accidents in terms of the machinations of witches and not, as we do, in terms of microbes and misadventure, and so long as his economic and social advances are accompanied by crippling fears of retaliation from those whom he has left behind, he will participate in development schemes with hesitancy and reservation—if he participates at all.

If my diagnosis is correct, the African is caught in a vicious circle: his present high degree of preoccupation with witch beliefs is both a cause and an effect of his difficulty in adjusting to modern social conditions. How long it will take for the circle to spiral upwards is, like the whole subject of this talk, a matter for debate by those who do not mind inconclusive findings.—*Third Programme*

The Past from the Air

By KENNETH STEER

THE study of the past from the air began exactly fifty years ago, when an enterprising army officer took several photographs of Stonehenge from a war balloon. And during the nineteen-twenties and 'thirties, the camera, operated from a light aircraft, proved itself to be an indispensable instrument for archaeological research. For aerial photography not only provided striking pictures of well-known monuments—particularly large prehistoric hill-forts—but it also brought to light hundreds of ancient sites which had previously escaped notice. Many of these were inconspicuous earthworks which caught the eye only when viewed from above, at sunrise or sunset, when the low sun lengthened their shadows.

But the most spectacular discoveries were sites which had been completely levelled by cultivation. The differences in the growth and colour of the crops growing immediately above these sites revealed buried features—walls, ditches, pits, post-holes, and so on. Like the shadow-sites, these crop-sites, as they are called, can be observed and photographed much more easily from the air than from the ground.

Airborne archaeology opened up vast possibilities for research, but few people had the necessary skill and resources to undertake the new technique. And so we find that up to the outbreak of the second world war systematic exploration was more or less confined to certain very productive areas in the south of England, while in the rest of the country discovery remained earthbound. It is not surprising therefore that archaeologists pricked up their ears when it was announced, in 1945, that the Royal Air Force was to undertake an Air photograph Survey of the whole of Britain. But would photographs which were taken for a completely different purpose really be of much archaeological use? Clearly the scale of the Survey, approximately six inches to the mile, would be too small to show minor monuments such as standing-stones, small burial mounds, or single hut circles.

Nor was it likely that photographs taken at all seasons of the year would disclose many crop-sites. For crop markings depend for their effect on a number of factors—the type of crop sown, the weather, and the nature of the subsoil. And since they usually make only a fleeting appearance, perhaps not more than once in four or five years, careful timing is needed to capture them. On the other hand, the fact that the Survey photographs were to be stereoscopic would obviously give them a

tremendous advantage over the earlier, two-dimensional prints in detecting and interpreting earthworks in low relief. So, if it did nothing more, it seemed possible that the Survey would at least mend the more obvious holes in our field-work.

The Scottish Ancient Monuments Commission examined the photographs of Roxburghshire, and these produced a rich harvest of new sites. So in 1950 we decided to extend the search to all those areas of Scotland where unknown monuments, large enough to appear under the magnifying lenses of the stereoscope, might be expected to occur. And at this moment, when the whole of the mainland south of the Clyde and Tay has been thoroughly combed, it seemed appropriate to do a little stocktaking. As we expected, the tally of minor monuments and crop-sites is relatively small: even so the total number of new discoveries has passed 400. Every county has made some contribution to the score: but we have had our most striking successes in the old grasslands and sheep pastures of the Cheviots and the Tweed basin, and in the counties of Renfrew and Fife and Stirling. Native hill-forts—the majority probably date to the period between 200 B.C. and the Roman invasion of Scotland in A.D. 80—form the largest single class of discoveries. But the list is a varied one and includes examples of most types of field monuments from prehistoric henges to mediaeval moated homesteads.

Let us consider some of the more significant items, starting with the fortifications. These are small by Wessex standards, but two of the native forts—those in Dumbartonshire on Carman Hill, and in Fife on Benarty Hill—are the largest in their counties. It is surprising that the Carman site has remained unnoticed for so long: it overlooks the busy Leven valley, covers an area of six acres, and it is defended on one side by two walls formed of massive boulders ranging up to five feet in length. These native forts are often locally attributed to the Romans. But the rectilinear plans and smoothly rounded corners of Roman fortifications and marching-camps readily distinguish them from the native earthworks of all periods: and from the air these characteristic features stand out even more clearly than from the ground.

The recently published Ordnance Survey Map of Roman Britain includes a number of sites in Scotland which we found in this way. Two of these are specially important, since they close a major gap that

has always appeared to exist in the Antonine Wall defences. The Wall itself—a frontier barrier built about A.D. 140 to take the place of Hadrian's Wall—extends across the narrow isthmus between the Forth and Clyde, and leaves the long estuaries of these rivers on either flank. The coastal forts along the southern shore of the Forth at Carriden, Cramond, and Inveresk, prolong the defensive scheme for at least twenty miles, but there was no evidence, until the Survey photographs were examined, of any similar precautions along the Clyde. What made this omission even more remarkable was that, until the end of the eighteenth century, when dredging operations began, the Clyde could be forded at low tide some three miles below the end of the Antonine Wall, where a great shoal split the river into two channels.

System of Watch and Ward

It was appropriate, therefore, that the first Roman fort found in this sector, near Glasgow at Whitemoss, should be situated precisely opposite the site of the ford; and later one of the chain of smaller posts, which must have extended the system of watch and ward as far as the mouth of the Clyde, was detected behind Greenock on Lurg Moor. The Whitemoss fort has been completely levelled by the plough: but by a rare chance a large part of its ditch system was showing in the form of crop-markings on the very day that the photographs were taken; and a stroll over the ground after harvest time was quickly rewarded by the discovery of several fragments of second-century Roman pottery. In contrast, the Lurg Moor post is still in an excellent state of preservation. Its rampart stands in places to a height of as much as six feet above the bottom of the ditch, and only its somewhat remote situation accounts for the fact that it has not been observed before now.

Let us consider monuments of a more peaceful character—settlements and homesteads. A feature of major interest which has emerged from the recent work is this. In certain conditions, it is possible to recognise the sites of prehistoric timber-built structures from surface indications alone. The sites in question consisted of wooden buildings, surrounded by palisades, in which the timber uprights or hurdle walls were set in continuous bedding-trenches dug in the subsoil. Provided the ground has not subsequently been disturbed, these trenches show as slight grooves on the present surface. Although they would not normally attract attention, they can be picked out on the air photographs if the lighting and vegetation conditions are favourable. About a score of such palisaded enclosures have been found, extending right across the Lowlands from Roxburghshire to Kintyre. Some of them contain only a single round hut, but others have accommodation for eighty or a hundred persons. Such dating evidence as we have from them, and from similar structures discovered by excavation in England and Wales, suggests they were built in the Early Iron Age before there was any local need for fortifications.

Among the stone-walled settlements, perhaps the most remarkable discovery is a site close to the Border on Tamshiel Rig, a tract of open moorland at Carter Bar. The settlement itself—a group of nine or ten round, stone-walled huts built on the site of a ruined fort—is a typical specimen of the humble native farmsteads which existed in considerable numbers in the north of England and in south-east Scotland during the Roman period. But what distinguishes Tamshiel settlement from the rest is its elaborate and extensive field-system. It covers thirty-two acres and consists of a series of walled enclosures. Within the enclosures, vegetation changes visible on the air photographs indicate the outlines of long, narrow, cultivated strips. These strip-fields imply cultivation with the ox-drawn plough and had not previously been found farther north than the Yorkshire Dales. In their absence it had been assumed that hoe cultivation in the Bronze Age tradition continued in Scotland throughout the Roman occupation. Now we must modify this assumption. At the same time Tamshiel offers a unique opportunity to investigate the social and economic organisation of a Romano-British settlement in the northern frontier zone.

But it would be wrong to give the impression that all the ancient remains disclosed by the air photographs are self-explanatory, and that the trained eye can at once place them in their appropriate period. Nothing could be further from the truth. A large number of the sites we have discovered do not fit happily into any of the established categories: in some cases it is not even possible to tell whether they are prehistoric or medieval. For example, what is to be made of an extraordinary series of crop-markings on the left bank of the river Esk, three miles east of Edinburgh? Here Survey photographs taken in the summer of 1946 show three long lines of pits, as well as sundry enclosures, within the space of half a mile. All three lines of pits run roughly parallel to one another: and two of them, each over a quarter of a mile long,

start close to the river bank. No trace of the pits themselves can be seen on the surface, but judging from the photographs they must be seven or eight feet broad and about five feet apart. Nothing like them has ever been seen in Scotland before. And although similar lines of pits have been observed from the air, also in the form of crop-markings, in the upper Thames valley, and on the edge of the Fen country around Market Deeping and Castor, their age and purpose are equally obscure. Are they the post-holes of giant stockades? Or some form of anti-chariot obstacle? Or an unusually elaborate system of pitfalls for trapping game? We have to confess that we do not know: and it is unlikely that the problem will be solved until they have been scientifically excavated. For discovery is only the first stage in the archaeological process, and the last word always rests with the spade.

As far as Scotland is concerned, then, the National Survey photographs have proved to be of the utmost archaeological value. They have yielded a wealth of fresh information which we could not easily have obtained by any other means. And they have revealed, in the nick of time, many sites which were in imminent danger of being destroyed by land development in one form or another. On the other hand, these photographs are not a substitute for low-altitude air photographs taken by trained archaeologists: on the contrary. The two techniques are, in fact, complementary.

The small-scale stereoscopic photographs are admirably suited for rapid reconnaissance over a wide area, and for detecting earthworks in low relief. Low-altitude photography—whose resources have been brilliantly exploited since the war by Dr. St. Joseph for the University of Cambridge—remains unrivalled for more detailed research and for purposes of illustration, and, above all, for tracking down the elusive crop-sites.—*Home Service*

In *The Marvels of Ancient Rome*, by Margaret R. Scherer (Phaidon Press, 32s. 6d.), we have at last the book that every lover of Rome has surely been waiting for. It consists essentially of short historical accounts of the more important classical remains of the city, followed by photographs, old and new, and reproductions of paintings, drawings, and prints, together with extracts from letters, diaries, travel books, and poems. All these give a remarkable impression of what this heritage from the past has meant to tourists for over 1,000 years. We can compare the Basilica of Maxentius as it is today with its appearance nearly 400 years ago; we can relive a stormy moonlit night in the Colosseum of the romantic period; we can admire the vigorous prose of today's Forum, or turn over the pages and regret the vanished poetry that had to make way for it. And always, it seems, our reactions will be the same. Hardly has the coachman stopped the horse, lifted his whip and pointed to the dome of St. Peter's with the long awaited words '*Ecco Roma*', before the regrets begin.

Rome the widow, the enslaved, the despoiled, permanent reminder of man's transience—so it has continued from Alcuin onwards. All this is true enough, yet by concentrating only on the classical remains the author has weighted the balance too much. Inevitably one wants to redress it, and here one begins to regret that the book does not also show the creative impulse that the past of Rome has so often given to artists. Brunelleschi, digging among the broken columns of the Forum, found more than vain regrets for the great days of antiquity. Yet there is no reference to him or to Mantegna, another great artist whose inspiration was stirred by what he saw and heard of the ruins of the city. Surely in a book which claims to show 'what abiding importance the marvels of ancient Rome have held in the minds of men over the centuries' some attention should have been paid to those artists who had the imagination to look upon Rome as still alive rather than long since dead. For centuries, as is well known, classical Rome was literally looted to build the great monuments that are now so familiar. Yet, ironically enough, ever since this physical despoiling was stopped, so too her spiritual heritage has ceased to provide direct inspiration. The last great architects of world-wide distinction to profit directly from ancient Rome were the neo-classics of the eighteenth century, and it was just then that serious obstacles were put in the way of those who tried to remove her bricks and columns and statues. Classical Rome was turned into a museum both physically and spiritually; her ruins became exclusively picturesque. Corot was the last really great artist to paint Rome, and his attitude already reflects this outlook. It is essentially this picturesque Rome that comes through in these pages—the rainy Rome of Roessler-Franz, the Rome of the Carnival, of artist colonies, of the Marble Faun and of Daisy Miller. As far as her classical remains are concerned this is still our Rome today—we who have only dim memories of school Latin, and whose artistic tastes have been formed on Ruskin, Le Corbusier, and other masters. But despite the laments, so beautiful and so fully quoted here, these ruins meant something very different for Bramante, Michelangelo, and Bernini, and it is a pity that this is hardly suggested. Yet this is a book which will induce countless hours of pleasurable nostalgia.

The Listener

What They Are Saying

Foreign broadcasts on the Russian visit

All communications should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, Broadcasting House, London, W.1. The articles in THE LISTENER consist mainly of the scripts (in whole or part) of broadcast talks. Original contributions are not invited, with the exception of poems and short stories up to 3,000 words, which should be accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes. The reproductions of talks do not necessarily correspond verbatim with the broadcast scripts. Yearly subscription rate, U.S. and Canadian edition: \$5.00, including postage. Special rate for two years: \$8.50; for three years: \$11.50. Subscriptions should be sent to B.B.C. Publications, 35 Marylebone High Street, London, W.1, England, or to usual agents. Entered as second-class mailing matter at the Post Office, New York, N.Y. Trade distributors within U.S.A., The Eastern News Company, New York 14, N.Y.

Life and Learning

SCIENCE sets as many problems as it solves. It lays its discoveries on our doorstep, and the responsibility is ours for the use we make of them. The argument here is not, as it well might be, concerned with H-bombs but with inventions nearer home, possessing nevertheless as much power as H-bombs in the effects they can produce upon the minds of men. They are radio, film, and television; and it would be difficult to think of any part of life, domestic or public, that has remained wholly unaffected by one or more of these methods of communication. Those who never listen to the wireless, never go to the pictures, never look at television, doubtless live happy, useful lives. But they can hardly be thought of as typical citizens; and if in their contemplation of the contemporary scene they fail to observe or reckon with the enormous power for good or evil possessed and exercised by these inventions, then with all respect they are to be classed among the ostrich-headed.

These reflections are prompted by a book that has recently appeared under the somewhat formidable title *The Relation between the Universities and Films, Radio and Television*.^{*} The book, as its editor, Dr. Glynne Wickham, explains in his preface, consists of papers read at a conference sponsored by the Drama Department of Bristol University in March, 1954. 'Many people', he writes, 'especially among those responsible for the education of the young both at school and university, continue to regard radio, films, and television with marked distaste and avoid the disquieting consequences of pausing to think about them seriously by writing them off as frivolous time-wasters'. Yet 'are young people to be left to form their own subjective judgements on matters communicated to them through the new media; or are they to be helped to form the same objective, critical standards with which to approach what they see and hear (and may later say and do) over the ether, as they have hitherto been trained to bring to what they read and write on paper?' It was because so little thought had been given to this question that the conference was convened. One wonders how much thought has been given to it since.

Many of the questions raised at this conference will be found of particular interest to educationists, and one hopes that the conclusions suggesting ways of collaboration between the universities on the one hand and film, radio, and television on the other will receive further study. For the days are over when universities were the preserve of the few and intellectuals confined to one social class. As Mr. Peter Laslett (well qualified by his experience both of university life and of broadcasting) has suggested, a university lecturer if he becomes a broadcaster is recognising the fact that he is set aside for the special study of some subject not merely so that he can impart it to a few students but also for its furtherance in the community as a whole. 'The proper relationship', Mr. Laslett adds—we quote from an article he wrote some years back in *The B.B.C. Quarterly*—'between broadcasting and the staff of the British universities can only be established when it is generally conceded that these two duties are complementary'. And if this notion strikes some university lecturers and others as novel, perhaps even unpalatable, they may do well to ask themselves if they are not living in the past more than in the present. At all events there is a real problem here, and it is not going to be any easier to solve, nor will such urgency as it possesses diminish, as time goes on and inventions multiply.

^{*} Published for Bristol University by Butterworths Scientific Publications, price 12s. 6d.

EXTENSIVE PUBLICITY was given in Moscow broadcasts to the visit of the Soviet leaders to Britain. Their arrival was preceded by accounts of alleged 'joyful preparations' on the part of Londoners, and a 'warm welcome' anticipated—though mention was made of 'small but influential' circles who were 'inspiring' British newspapers to publish statements designed to poison the atmosphere. After the arrival, Soviet reports continued to talk of huge crowds and extensive cheering. Then, after several days of the British press reporting the facts about the restrained reception, *Pravda* was quoted as referring to 'pro-fascist elements' and attacking part of the English press for 'anti-Soviet articles' and attempts to conceal the enthusiasm of the British public.

A typical example of the reports on the Soviet leaders' arrival was the following broadcast excerpts from Moscow home service:

Both sides of the road from the Portsmouth port to the station were lined with thousands of British people, several deep, who came to welcome the Soviet leaders. As soon as the train drew into Victoria station, the Londoners standing some distance away on other platforms broke into loud cheering, which was taken up by the throngs of people outside the station. . . . The British people have given a warm welcome to the Soviet leaders. . . . At the windows, on balconies, everywhere, there are people waving a welcome.

A Moscow broadcast in English quoted its correspondents in London:

We believe we shall never forget the rejoicing outside Victoria station. . . . We were deeply touched by the sincere joy of the British people, by their great desire to give a welcome to their Soviet guests.

A Moscow broadcast in English spoke of Soviet press reaction:

All the correspondents are unanimous in speaking of the warmth and sincerity of the welcome given to the Soviet leaders and of the hope in every heart that the talks between the leading statesmen of the two countries will bring about better relations. . . . We have very good reason to expect the talks to be a success.

A Moscow broadcast to the United States commented:

The tour of Bulganin and Khrushchev has no ulterior motive. . . . The Soviet leaders have come to England with an open heart and crystal clear intentions. . . . Certain journalists and politicians in the West are haunted by the notion that the U.S.S.R. is out to drive wedges all over the West so as to split western unity. A good example of co-operation between the U.S.S.R. and Britain could help advance Soviet-U.S. collaboration.

From the United States, *The New York Times* was quoted as saying:

The British have been flattered with friendly remarks, but above all with peaceful gestures like the Soviet Ministry's Note supporting the United Nations in the Middle East and the abolition of the Cominform. . . . There is no particular reason why we in the United States should be nervous about this visit. It is not only that the British can, of course, be trusted to handle the affair with dexterity and common sense, but it is also that there is nothing inherently bad in the improvement in relations between the Soviet Union and the democratic world. . . . Many people fear that the Russians are more dangerous in their present benign pose than before—and this is probably true. . . . In any event, the Russians have to be taken for what they are and not what we would like them to be.

On the morning of the Soviet leaders' arrival, Tass announced the dissolution of the Cominform, and on the previous day, Moscow radio broadcast the Soviet Foreign Ministry statement on the Middle East. On April 21 Cairo radio announced the signature of a military pact between Egypt, Saudi Arabia, and the Yemen, whereby an attack on one of the three countries would be considered as an attack against the other two. An earlier Cairo broadcast on the independence anniversary celebrations in Syria (with whom Egypt has a similar pact), said that 'Soviet arms which Syria recently purchased were seen for the first time in the parade'. Another Cairo broadcast referred to the 'heavy modern tanks recently acquired by Syria'. From Syria itself, *Al-Itihad* was quoted on the Soviet statement about the Middle East:

Russia has only intervened in Middle East affairs and extended her hand to the Arabs in order to bargain and obtain things which will be useful to her in the cold war with the West.

The Tass announcement about the dissolution of the Cominform said that it no longer conformed to the international situation, owing to the emergence of 'socialism as a world system', 'the formation of a vast peace zone', and the consolidation of Communist parties in capitalist and colonial countries.

Did You Hear That?

CLOSING AN ARCHAEOLOGICAL GAP

THE DIRECTOR OF ANTIQUITIES in Jordan, Mr. G. W. L. Harding, has found conclusive proof that the lands to the east of the River Jordan were inhabited at the time that the Israelites passed through them during their exodus from Egypt. Scholars have established that Moses led the Israelites out of the land of the Pharaohs about the thirteenth century B.C. This would have been in the late Bronze Age. The books of the Old Testament had already made it clear that at that time the lands east of the Jordan were inhabited, but until Mr. Harding made his discovery, archaeologists had found nothing to confirm this. As GEOFFREY GODSELL explained in 'The Eye-witness', the discovery came about in a casual way.

'A local firm was extending and improving the airport here at Amman', he said. 'The job was being done with money from the development loan that Britain makes to Jordan. The Director of Antiquities, Mr. Harding, arrived one day at the airport to take the plane to London for leave. While he was waiting there, one of the men engaged on the work on the runways came up to him with four pieces of bronze saying, "Do you see what we've found?"'

'Mr. Harding took the pieces, fingered them, and soon identified them as fitting together to make a ceremonial sword, a Khepesh sword much in use in Egypt at the time of the Pharaohs of the late Bronze Age. Before his plane came in Mr. Harding still had time to phone his technical assistant, Mohammed Saleh, to tell him to arrange that the site where the sword had been found should not be further disturbed until it had been carefully inspected.'

'Mr. Harding drove me out to the airport and showed me what has now been unearthed by Mohammed Saleh. It is the floor and lower part of the walls of what was apparently a small temple. They are made of local stone, dressed stone, and cover an area of about fifty feet square. The temple seems to have consisted of four small

rooms and an open courtyard on the south side. Mr. Harding said it was presumably a temple because of the heavy layer of burnings found in the rooms, together with many animal and bird bones from sacrifices.

In the museum at Amman are the other objects found in the temple. They include scarabs and alabaster vases which must have been imported from Egypt. Such scarabs and pottery have often been found in late Bronze Age tombs in Egypt; but then there are beads, gold leaf, costume pins, ivory toilet accessories, and little cylinder seals used to roll an imprint on clay documents to seal them. Further, there is much fine Mycenaean pottery—in other words, late Bronze Age pottery—that must have been imported from Cyprus or even from the mainland of Greece. Some of the jars are so big that you wonder how they could have been brought from the Palestine coast, first over the mountains of Canaan and then up into the mountains of Transjordan, without being broken. Finding late Bronze Age objects both from Egypt and Greece in this temple at Amman establishes firmly the approximate date of the temple. One of the strange features of the discovery is that the temple seems to have stood all on its own in a little plain among the mountain tops. So far, the archaeologists have found no sign of a contemporary settlement nearby. Mr. Harding says the people who worshipped at the temple were probably Ammonites, one of the many

groups in the great Semitic family and, as he says, since this is the first late Bronze Age discovery in East Jordan it fills a gap in the archaeological history of the country'.

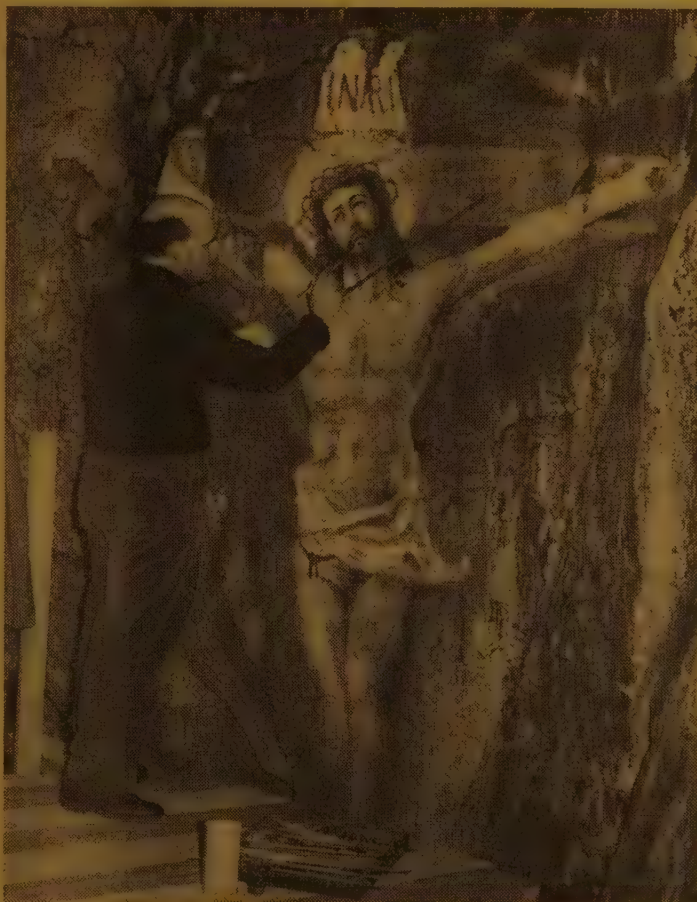
THE ROCK PAINTING OF DAVAAR ISLAND

'More than seventy years ago, a young Campbeltown art teacher named Archibald McKinnon dreamed a dream', said MAURICE LINDSAY, in a talk in the Home Service. 'That dream suggested to him that the rock face inside the largest of the caves on Davaar Island, which lies at the mouth of Campbeltown Loch, was so constructed that it would give

depth to a painting of Christ on the Cross, which it was his ambition to create. So at three o'clock one morning, unseen by anyone, he rose and made his way out to the island, either by boat or over a rib of sand passable only at low tide.

'It was not until some years later, when two fishermen happened to go into the cave, that the existence of this painting was discovered. No one then knew how it had come to be there, and among the more credulous there was even talk of it being of supernatural origin. Judged purely as a painting, the Davaar Island Crucifixion is perhaps just a piece of Italian pastiche, but in its strange setting, with the folds of the rock giving it a three-dimensional effect, it makes an unforgettable impact. Because of this it soon became a place of interest for tourists, and today it is one of Campbeltown's strongest attractions.

'Eventually, Archibald McKinnon left Scotland and settled at Nantwich, near Crewe. In 1933 when it became known that the painting was in need of restoration, McKinnon acknowledged that he was, in fact, the artist. The following May, when he was eighty-four, he was invited back to Campbeltown to restore the work of his youth. More than twenty years have passed since that last restoration, and although the number of visitors to the cave has not lessened the colours on the rock face have again



Mr. J. J. McAnally restoring the painting of Christ on the Cross in a cave on Davaar Island

begun to dim. So another Campbeltown artist, Mr. J. J. McAnally, has been commissioned by the town council to do a second restoration.

'I watched Mr. McAnally begin to work on the head of the figure. He is using scaffolding; the original artist somehow managed to paint the whole figure without scaffolding, a fantastically difficult undertaking. Mr. McAnally estimates that probably McKinnon took about a month to finish his painting. The work of restoration should take about a week. So, well before the summer season's visitors make the journey to this island cave, where so many have come before them, the Davaar Island Crucifixion will be shining forth once more in all its strangely urgent, pristine freshness'.

A VISIT TO SWAT

'One day not so long ago', said SYLVIA MATHESON in 'The Eye-witness', 'I was driving down from Afghanistan through the Khyber Pass when out of the blue there came into my mind a quotation from one of Edward Lear's nonsense rhymes:

Who, or why, or which or *what*, Is the Akond of Swat?
Is he tall, or short, or dark, or fair?
Does he sit on a stool or sofa or chair—Or squat,
The Akond of Swat?

'My companion, a Pakistani, was able to make sense of it for me. Swat, apparently, is a series of fertile valleys hemmed in by high, wooded mountains, with glimpses of the snow-covered Pamirs in the distance. It is only 150 miles long by 80 miles wide; and its ruler used to be called the Akond, but now has the title of Wali. Furthermore, you can get into Swat easily from Peshawar, over the famous Malakand Pass. I decided to go; and that very day I applied for a permit, which was necessary because the journey meant travelling through tribal territory. Permission was given at once; and that same evening I set off up the twisting, towering, dramatic pass. It was dark when I arrived at the border, but I could just make out signboards which said "Welcome to Swat", and "Buy Swat Honey". For a moment I was half afraid I was going to find an arterial road lined with advertisements, but fortunately it was not so. For the rest of the way to the capital, Saidu Sharif, we crawled along behind a gaily painted bus covered with flowers and pictures of luridly coloured mountains. On its back was the legend "The Flying Bomb—speed 15 miles an hour".

'Saidu Sharif could be a wonderful holiday centre, and its hotel is first-class. The country round is full of archaeological interest especially Buddhist

shrines with a style of sculpture that seems to show strong Greek influence. The traditional houses of Swat are built of a soft golden stone, very like Cotswold cottages. Every possible inch of the main valleys is cultivated with maize, rice, wheat, and tobacco. Driving round next day, I passed men and women bent double beneath loads of sugar-cane. On the terraced hills and along the sides of the roads grow plums, pears, apples, dates, oranges, walnuts, almonds, and grapes. The sight of olive groves brought from my guide a story that when Alexander the Great passed through this country, he nibbled at olives brought from Greece, and the stones he spat over his shoulder took root in the fertile soil of Swat. If you like to hunt, there are wild boar, tiger, and musk-deer in the mountains; and I cannot help wondering if there is any other country in the world where the time for duck-shooting is celebrated as an official festival with four days' holiday.

'The Wali of Swat spends a large part of his life sitting at a desk in his office giving audience to an average of 200 people daily. It is his boast that anyone can see him just by sending in a card. For me, it was rather disillusioning to find him wearing a well-cut European suit, and a grey fur hat'.

THE LAST RABBIT?

'Myxomatosis has not killed the last rabbit, and will not do so', said J. L. BRIGHTON in 'Farming Today'. 'The odd one or two are being seen again in almost every parish. They are the potential breeding stock, and unless they are destroyed will quickly multiply. It might amaze some of you to know that it is estimated that from two rabbits more than 6,000 could be produced in under two years; and it is up to everybody who can help to do their best to destroy these enemies. All the available evidence shows that the rabbit was introduced into this

country in the first place from France in the twelfth century. There are no allusions to rabbits here in pre-Norman times, and even at the time of the Domesday survey no rabbit warrens were listed. The animal apparently came to be valued, as an article of diet from the thirteenth century onwards, when the rabbit warren became an important asset. Records show that severe penalties were meted out to men who poached rabbits in west Norfolk in the early years of the nineteenth century. Indeed, in 1805, one man was sentenced to six months' solitary confinement and hard labour, and to be publicly whipped at Brandon, for stealing a trap and two rabbits from Wangford Warren. And for taking one rabbit from a trap at Hockwold in 1813, two men were sentenced—one to transportation for seven years, and the other to two years' imprisonment.

'According to reports, the value of meat from wild rabbits was about £7,000,000 a year before the outbreaks of myxomatosis. Skins were sold for a few pence each, and provided raw material for the fur, felt, and hat-making industries. As a point of fact, the production of hatters' fur felt depends almost entirely upon the skins of wild rabbits.

'Let us look on the other side of the fence. It is claimed that nine rabbits eat as much as two sheep, and that thirty rabbits will eat as much as one bullock. So when the estimated wild-rabbit population in Great Britain was between 60,000,000 and 100,000,000, feeding largely on grass and other farm crops, there can be no doubt that the loss in food production was tremendous. Surveys have been carried out with cereals, using fenced and unfenced plots. An extensive survey carried out with winter wheat showed an average loss, through rabbits, of more than one-and-a-half hundredweight of grain per acre. There are more than 2,000,000 acres of wheat in Great Britain, and a loss of over one-and-a-half

hundredweight of grain per acre is equivalent to not less than 160,000 tons of wheat. The same sort of damage has been done to other cereal crops, so if we take the barley acreage as over 2,000,000 acres, oats 2,500,000 acres, and mixed corn and rye not far short of 1,000,000 acres, it is probable that the total loss over all cereals, through rabbits, is in the region of many millions of

pounds sterling—an annual loss which this country just cannot afford.

'It is grassland, however, that suffers most damage by rabbits. An experiment was carried out where there was an infestation of about twenty rabbits to the acre. In a period of two years the grazing of chalk grassland for sheep was reduced by about twenty-seven per cent. And what is more, through fouling of the pasture, the liveweight increase of sheep kept on the land was reduced by more than sixty per cent. We must not forget, too, the market gardener. Tremendous damage is done to fruit trees and bushes and young vegetables and salad plants. On one of my farms, which I have occupied for nearly twenty years, there are certain fields on which I have never seen a full crop in spite of all my efforts to keep down this pest.

'Then, again, take forestry. I am told that the annual cost of protecting the 750,000 acres of state-owned plantations against rabbits is about £500,000, while the cost of protecting privately owned woodlands might well amount to another £1,500,000 or more. In addition, by destroying natural tree seedlings, the rabbit prevents the natural regeneration of woodlands'.



In 'The Eye-witness' Barbara Hooper interviewed C. G. Beale-Gunner who for fifty years has been making and restoring fans—a craft that can be traced back to about the year 2000 B.C. Among the fans he has recently restored are (above) one in ivory and parchment (c. 1650), from the Dutch East Indies, and (below) a nineteenth-century fan in Point Gaze, a type of fine Belgian lace that is no longer made



Rights and Law

The first of three talks by MAURICE CRANSTON on 'The Rights of Man'

IN the early days of the United Nations a commission was appointed by the Economic and Social Council to draw up what was then called an International Bill of Rights. The commission ran into difficulties from the start. Not only because of the familiar divergence between communist and western ideology; not only because the different members had different opinions about the extent of particular human rights, such as the right to property and the right to free speech and assembly: the greatest source of trouble was the lack of any clear and accepted notion of what a 'human right' is.

Talk about Human Rights, or the Rights of Man, or Natural Rights—the three expressions are, I think, synonymous—goes back a long way. Some people would say it has never been clear; some people, indeed, would say that it is an ancient fallacy, a chimera, an illusion, a myth. For example, there was Jeremy Bentham—or perhaps I should say there *is* Jeremy Bentham, for his body, embalmed and dressed in the robes of 1831, still sits in the hall of University College, Gower Street, London, at any rate, once said: 'Natural Rights is simple nonsense; Natural and Imprescriptible Rights (an American phrase) rhetorical nonsense, nonsense upon stilts'. I do not myself agree with Jeremy Bentham; but I think there is a good deal in what he said; and I think we cannot get far with the question of human rights unless one sees how much there is in what he said.

The word 'right' has more than one meaning. First, there is the sense in which to have a right is to have something which is conceded and enforced by the law of the realm. To say I have a right to register as a conscientious objector, a right to leave the country, a right to bequeath my estate to anyone I choose, is to say that I live under a government which, unlike some other governments, allows a man to do these things, and will, in appropriate cases, come to his aid if anyone tries to stop him.

The Indignant Paraguayan

'Right', in this sense, is not the same thing as deserts. I once knew a South American who lived in London, an ardent Anglophile who had done a great deal for England, and who thought it wrong that he, as a citizen of the Republic of Paraguay, should have no vote in elections in the United Kingdom, when citizens of the Republic of Ireland, few of whom, he maintained, were as devoted to British institutions as he was, had all the right to vote in British elections. My Paraguayan friend may have had reason for his indignation; but he did not have the right. He did not have, as Irishmen have, a privilege which English law protects and defends. He did not have a positive right.

There is a second sense of the word 'right' which is different from positive right, and much closer to the idea of deserts. Suppose the father of a family says: 'I've a right to know what's going on in my own house'. He is not saying anything about his privileges under positive law; he is not saying that the courts of justice will ensure that he is kept informed about what goes on in his house. He is not making a statement of fact but a *claim*. He is appealing to the principle that being the head of a house gives a man a just title to ask to be told what happens in it. The right he speaks of is a moral right.

There is a world of difference between a right in the sense of a moral right, and a right in the sense of a positive right. First, a positive right is necessarily enforceable, because if it is not enforced it cannot be a right. A moral right is not necessarily enforceable. Some moral rights are enforced and some are not. To say I have a moral right—to say, for example, that I have a right to receive a decent salary—is not to say that I do receive a decent salary. Indeed, I may say 'I've a right to receive a decent salary' precisely because I am not receiving a decent salary and think I ought to start receiving one. Immanuel Kant once said that we are most keenly aware of a moral duty when it is at variance with what we wish or feel inclined to do; and I think in the same way we are most keenly aware of a moral right when it is one which someone denies us or tries to deny us.

You can generally find out what your positive rights are by looking at law books or by going to court and asking a judge. There is no

similar authority to consult about your moral rights. You may think you have a moral right to something, and someone else may think you have not, but there is nothing you can do to prove you have that moral right; and nothing your critic can do to prove you have not.

So it seems to me to be important to ask of Human Rights, or Natural Rights, or the Rights of Man, which kind of rights they are: whether they are something men actually enjoy or something men ought to enjoy. But first one needs to be clear as to what rights they are which constitute our human rights. Locke said in 1689 that they were the rights to life, liberty, and property. A Virginian Declaration of the Rights of Man in 1776 added to Locke's three rights the right of 'pursuing and obtaining happiness'. The great French Declaration of 1789 named the 'natural, inalienable and sacred rights of man' to 'liberty, property, security, and resistance to oppression'.

Leaving a Country

These traditional formulations of human rights are generalised and wide. Recent formulations have been more detailed and more sharply defined; and I shall not apologise for saying more about the Universal Declaration of Human Rights which was 'passed and proclaimed' by the General Assembly of the United Nations in 1948. In the main text of the Declaration there are no fewer than thirty Articles; several are as comprehensive as the great utterances of the past. Article Three, for example, says: 'Everyone has the right to life, liberty, and the security of person'. Some of the other Articles are simply deduced or derived from that general Article. Article Thirteen, for example, says: 'Everyone has the right to leave any country, including his own, and return to his country'. I propose to look at this more closely.

If it is read as a statement of fact it is plainly not true. Every Englishman is allowed to leave this country and return to it unless he is detained by order of a court of law. But several American citizens have had their passports taken from them by their government without judicial authority, passports are denied to Negroes in South Africa, and behind the Iron Curtain few passports are ever issued at all. So obviously the 'right to leave any country' which the United Nations Declaration says everyone has is not a positive right. It is a right which, in the ostensible (if not in the sincere) opinion of the sponsors of that Declaration, everyone ought to have. Human rights are thus essentially moral rights.

They are not only moral rights. When they are enforced by positive law—as they often are—they are also positive rights. What is more, they form a distinctive sub-class of moral rights. Many of the moral rights we speak of are rights which belong to particular people because they are in particular situations; usually situations which involve moral duties as well as moral rights; the rights of an editor, for instance, or the rights of a clergyman, or a college Fellow, or a stationmaster. Human rights are unlike such moral rights as these in being, first, universal, and, secondly, political. But in spite of this, in spite of their being political and universal and unlike other sorts of moral rights, and in spite of their being in some places and at some times positive rights as well, human rights are fundamentally moral rights because they are normative: the rights which ought to be—ought to be enjoyed where they are not enjoyed and ought to go on being enjoyed where they are already enjoyed.

Bentham's Positive Rights—and Shams

Bentham thought that a positive right was the only right worth having and everything else a sham. One can perhaps see why he should think so. At any rate I can imagine that an American citizen who has had his passport impounded by his government might find nothing more irritating than to read in the United Nations Declaration that 'everyone has the right to leave any country, including his own...'. If he is denied the positive right, what use is it to him to be told he has this human right, this moral right?

I hope it will not astonish you if I suggest that it is a great deal of use. The immobilised American would be wrong to scoff with

Bentham at talk of human rights. For Bentham made a great mistake in passing from the true proposition that natural rights are different from positive rights to the conclusion that natural rights is nonsense. To speak of what ought to be, to speak of morality, may sometimes be perplexing, and sometimes embarrassing, but it is not meaningless. Indeed the only reason why the American I have visualised can protest as he does at having his passport impounded is that he feels that a right he ought to have is being denied him by his government. If he did not feel this, and others did not feel as he does, then he would have no just case against his government. He might dislike being confined within the borders of his own republic, but he could not claim that it was wrong that he should be so confined without appealing to some general or universal principle that no man ought to be so confined—without appealing, in other words, to some sort of natural or human right.

In Bentham's case there was a second reason why he was so much opposed to talk about natural rights. He said it was not only 'rhetorical nonsense' but 'mischievous nonsense'. Bentham was a radical; he was eager for genuine reform. And he accused politicians of evading the real business of positive legislation by making grandiloquent assertions of abstract normative principles. He mistrusted Declarations of the Rights of Man which had no force behind them. He wanted deeds; and not to be fobbed off with what seemed to him mere words.

Enforceable Code or Manifesto?

Some of Bentham's sentiments were echoed at the early meetings of the United Nations Commission on Human Rights. Certain delegates, who included the British, the Indian, and the Australian, interpreted their instructions to draw up an International Bill of Rights as the instruction to draw up some kind of enforceable code, which would first specify the human rights the United Nations recognised and then create machinery to investigate and remedy any violations of those rights. These delegates understood their duty as that of working out some means whereby the authority of the United Nations could be used to provide positive rights. Other members of the same commission thought that the Bill of Rights need be only a manifesto of rights, a declaration not literally or legally binding. This was the Russian view from the start, and later, when Mrs. Lord of the Republican Party succeeded Mrs. Roosevelt of the Democratic Party as the American member of the commission, America took the same stand, indeed a far more candid stand, against the United Nations being used for the enforcement of human rights. The Universal Declaration of 1948 was a substitute for effective legislation, as Bentham thought such documents always were. Admittedly the commission recorded the hope that the Declaration should not be a substitute, but a prolegomenon to positive legislation; but when the Americans forsook the idea of enforcement, such hopes inevitably languished.

I myself am rather disappointed at the way these things have developed at the United Nations; but I cannot help suspecting that those early hopes were nourished by a failure to realise what a tremendous step it would be if an international agency really *were* to make universal human rights universal positive rights. The one area in which the United Nations has made any human rights positive rights is itself significant. It is the area of the Trust Territories. The human rights of the peoples who live in Togoland and the Cameroons and the several other former Colonies which are now governed by Trustee Powers under United Nations authority, are guaranteed by the United Nations, and the Trusteeship Council is specifically charged to hear and remedy any complaint of the violation of these rights which any person living in a Trust Territory chooses to bring against the Trustee Power concerned. In practice not all the human rights named in the Universal Declaration of 1948 are upheld in these places; but the machinery and the power is there as it is nowhere else. The result is, as Sir Hersch Lauterpacht has said, that 'there is a wider and more explicit measure of enforcement of—some—human rights and fundamental freedoms of inhabitants of Trust Territories than in other parts of the world'.

We in England enjoy more of the rights named in the United Nations Declaration than the people in Togoland do, but we enjoy them only because the sovereign government of this country upholds and enforces them. If there came to power a government which started to rob us of our rights, as James II's did in 1687, we should none of us be able to appeal, as the people of Togoland can, to the United Nations. The Universal Declaration would help us not at all. Our positive rights in England are derived from the positive law of England; and if positive law withdrew them we should no longer have them.

The United Nations could guarantee our human rights in England only if the sovereignty of our government were limited in the way that the sovereignty of the government of Togoland is limited. Perhaps the United Nations might 'promote' the enjoyment of human rights by something less drastic than the abridgement of sovereignty. It might draw up a set of covenants by which each member-state agreed to make the approved human rights positive rights—indeed, it seems that the United Nations will do something of the kind; but unless there were sanctions against breaches of the covenants, the subjects of particular governments would still depend for their positive rights on the grace of their own government. The international bestowal of positive rights entails the international enforcement of rights; and that entails the surrender of national sovereignty on a far-reaching and wholly unprecedented scale.

Hume and Revolutionary Action

David Hume would have seen this. Hume was as hostile to natural rights as Bentham was; he felt, as Bentham did, that the only rights worth the name of rights are positive rights. But whereas Bentham was a radical, disliking talk about natural rights because he thought it took the place of effective legislation, Hume was a conservative, disliking talk about natural rights because he thought it stirred people into revolutionary action. Whether the idea of human rights has encouraged political change, as Hume thought, or hindered political change, as Bentham thought, is a historical question, if perhaps a debatable one. My own belief is that the idea of natural rights has done far more to stimulate political change than it has ever done to thwart change. There was a manifest connection, as Hume saw, between the demand for natural rights and the English revolution against James II; and there was no less obvious connection between the demand for natural rights and the American rebellion and the French Revolution and the minor revolutions of the nineteenth century. Whether one approves of these political changes is another question, a question of one's general political attitude. Hume disapproved of them; I happen to approve of them.

I disagree with Bentham not because I dissent from Bentham's radicalism but because I think Bentham was wrong to call natural rights nonsense. The worst one can truly say of natural rights is that it is a myth. But even if it is a myth it is not nonsense. It is an idea which challenges the credentials of governments to exact obedience, even to exist. It rejects the idea that a government's purpose is simply to provide security, and enlarges that purpose to include the defence of human rights. And that is a very sizeable enlargement. To provide security a government has only to exert its power. To preserve human rights it has both to exert its power and also to *curb* its power so that it does not itself violate human rights. Governments have always been the greatest violators of human rights, and only a small minority of governments has ever honestly upheld them.

The remarkable thing is that nearly every government of the world has now been forced to admit that it has the duty of upholding human rights. Most of the national constitutions which were written in the nineteenth century—those of Sweden, for example, and Holland and Liberia and the South American republics—give explicit recognition to the Rights of Man; and so do most of the constitutions which have been drawn up in the present century—those of Japan, Italy, India, Indonesia, Syria, and several others. Indeed, though Marx himself did not believe in human rights, the Soviet Union has articles in its constitution which 'guarantee by law' the freedom of speech, and the press and assembly.

Universal Assent

Some of those so-called 'guarantees' are bogus—spurious positive law, but the very fact that they have been written into constitutions is itself an important thing. It shows that however difficult to analyse, however obscure the idea of human rights may be, it has somehow gained an almost universal assent. If human rights is a myth, it is clearly a potent myth. If rights are to be analysed in terms of claims, they are claims which men do commonly make; and our positive rights would not be the positive rights of today if they had not been yesterday's claims. I myself think human rights are something more than a myth; something more than mere claims; and they are that 'something more' precisely because they are moral rights. It is their morality, their justice, which gives them their special validity. Of that 'justice' and that 'validity' I hope to say more in my next two talks.—*Home Service*

Provence in the Age of the Troubadours

By DAVID PIPER

IN the south of France, between Avignon and Arles, on top of a burning outcrop of rock the size of small mountains, there is a ruined village called Les Baux. Not long after I had left school, before the last war, I was toiling with my bicycle up towards Les Baux. It was August, and August as hot as they have it in Provence, which is devouring; it was also that standstill hour of afternoon which belongs properly to siesta, and it was obviously sheer stupid madness to have left the plain and the shade of olive trees and to push the heat backwards up a hill; just to see at the top yet another arid and calcinated plain. I surveyed a split in the rock; not a tree on it, just troglodyte holes like caves. And, sweating, I came round the last bend of the village, convinced that I was the last man alive on earth and that I was just.

And then I knew also that I had sunstroke, for each one of the half-frozen or so remaining inhabited houses in Les Baux was flowing music in cool rivulets of water down the headache of the afternoon. There was Bach bubbling in a spring from—I could hear—a grand piano; and there, behind the gutters, a flute flirting with Mozart. It was the most enjoyable delirium I have ever had, while it lasted, though that was not long, as the keeper of the pub told me that the whole village had been taken over for the summer by a distinguished American conductor, with all his best pupils; and a moment after that the first of the charabancs arrived and let loose a bluebottle swarm of sightseers.

But later, when they had gone, receding from a wrack of spent super and the inedible husks of fruit, I went up through the hollow, roofless walls to the ruins of the castle that crowns the hill. It was dusk, and cool, and from that dizzy wall I could see the lights kindle and haver on the edge of the Mediterranean, miles away; between them and me stretched the great saltmarsh flat of the Camargue, humming like a sounding board as night settled on it, and almost beyond the edge of hearing, an echo, a broken refrain of a voice, ringing. I stayed up there a long while, thinking sturdily about a girl from north Oxford whom I had met when I was cycling in Heidelberg the summer before. But it was not very satisfactory because I had not met her since and it was unlikely I would meet her again as I was going to Cambridge; and I got moody, and, with all those stars and solitude, it was not difficult to rebuild the ruined castle, change my cycle into a horse, acquire some kind of guitar, and serenade the young woman, now miraculously transposed from north Oxford to a balcony in Provence. I daresay the song I sang to that shadowy, unapproachable phantom was something like 'Night and Day', a soulful song, full of hopeless longing, of almost idolatrous adoration. I, too, could be a troubadour.

Asked where I would go, fares and all expenses paid, I think

I would always in the end plump for Provence, simply because I love the face of that land. And by Provence I mean not the minute *département* that it has now shrunk to, but nearer the Roman Provincia or the Provence of the Provençal troubadours, which is roughly France south of the Loire; from the valleys of the Dordogne to the blood-red brick of the fortress cathedral at Albi by the gorges of the Tarn, through the vines and olives to that final resonant and buoyant blue that is Mediter-

anean. And I would rather go now than at any other time. But if I am offered a trip into the past, I will go to Provence in the twelfth century, on a troubadour hunt.

So back we go. One, two, three, four, five, six, almost seven hundred years, seven centuries, and it is a wonderful warm April day in Les Baux, in the great hall of the castle which is not the Gothic castle I was standing on, but a still earlier one, cut partly from the rock and then built up in heavy masonry with small arched windows, good for shooting arrows out of but not for letting light in. Outside, the village clusters tight up to the castle and the approach is sealed by a massive gateway; the whole lay-out is primarily that of an embattled fortress.

I will spare you a

detailed account of my first fortnight; they were difficult and often embarrassing days, but now I am acclimatised. I have almost forgotten that my knees were not made for exposure below a short tunic; I have learned to manage the cloak that knots on the left shoulder, and I have shaved my hair back slightly at the brow and am curling it long at the back. I have given up washing with soap, partly because people objected to the smell and partly because water is scarce. I have learned to eat daintily with my hands, and never to dip into the plate that I am sharing with a lady simultaneously with her; and when she is on my right, to use only my left hand, and *vice versa*. In return, I have done my best to improve their lot, but in vain—I am constantly let down by my own technical ignorance and the lack of raw materials; thus I have missed the opportunity of coming down to myself in history as the inventor of, amongst other things, the leaf-spring for carriages, the sprung mattress, matches, the spinning-jenny, and the water-closet—let alone more sophisticated things like electricity and the internal combustion engine. All that has happened is that they have now accepted me as a madman, and I am in demand at dinner to tell them stories about the future. They find them very laughable.

But today is different; it is a feast day, and most of the local aristocracy has been doing a great deal of eating and drinking at the long tables in the hall of Les Baux; most of them have put on dazzling silk tunics for the occasion, and the women long trailing gowns, with their hair in plaits down to their waist and spring flowers on their heads. At the moment there is a break for the cabaret; acrobats and



The ruined village of Les Baux, Provence, dominated by the ancient castle
French Government Tourist Office

jugglers and then, suddenly, a little thin dark man, singing. This is what I have come back seven centuries to hear: a rather high nasal voice, not entirely unlike a Spanish fandango. The man who is singing is a professional singer, but he is not the troubadour proper—the troubadour is sitting close to me; he is the man who composed the poem and its setting, and he is a very good troubadour, and though not, as many of them are, one of the local grandes, he makes enough to employ a singer instead of doing it himself. The song is a love song, and the

invented, nor was it allowed for by the architecture. A hundred, or hundred and fifty years earlier, love-lives had been sheer anarchy smash and grab. Not so now; you were expected to approach woman delicately, to woo her, to write songs for her, to swear obedience to her; it all slowed things down, and it avoided a great deal of unnecessary trouble.

When I asked why the troubadours always addressed their love to women married to somebody else, he pointed out that marriage was

a business contract, and that it was made almost usually when the woman was fourteen or fifteen; it would be absurd to address love-songs to a girl of twelve or thirteen. Moreover, married women were often very important; they might own as much as a whole duchy in their own right, and when, as was often, their husbands were away at war or crusading, perhaps for a year or more, the wives took over. So it was not only courteous and polite for the troubadour of slender means to celebrate such women; it was eminently realistic for they provided his bread-and-butter.

I was impressed, but not entirely convinced. 'Well', he said, 'I feel very warmly about women. And besides, it all helps to keep them quiet'. He waved for silence; they were starting his song for the third time.

I cannot describe here my other experiences; they were not all so pleasant, for, whatever the troubadour might say, Provence of the twelfth century is still also a land of war, and scarred by fire, by burned-out villages and by the charred cinders in the market-place where a man was burned alive last week; such stability as exists is maintained by the naked sword, and power is not yet concealed politely in a column of figures in a bank

But the troubadours have done their work, and woman has stayed more or less on the pedestal on which they placed her ever since, though maybe she is wobbling badly now. But any woman to whom I may chance, however rarely, to offer my seat in the bus—and I find I do it more often since my recent return from the twelfth century—any woman who finds a door being opened for her, or a man getting up as she comes in, owes the courtesy in large part to the code first sung by the troubadours.—*Home Service*



Troubadours: left, a twelfth-century statue from Rheims; right, as depicted in a thirteenth-century manuscript

troubadour has one eye rather anxiously on his hostess, because it is a new song he has written for her. Although it is spring, he alone is sad, because he is deserted by love and by his lady, and yet he is the most faithful lover the world has ever seen, just as she is the most beautiful lady in the world; he is her slave, prostrate and hopeless; on his knees he adores her, with hands clasped he implores her. . . .

It is fascinating. I turn to the troubadour. I ask him whether he is aware that he is accomplishing a revolution, and inventing an entirely new relationship between men and women. Before this, men had got along quite well with finding woman desirable, if sometimes literally maddeningly so; they had found her an excellent cook, a good house-keeper, a sometimes dubious bargain in marriage, unfortunately inseparable from the wealth and land that she might bring with her as heiress; they had found her an indispensable agency for self-perpetuation by children to posterity. But no man, before the troubadours, had found it necessary to put woman on a pedestal, to adore her as an idol, to worship her. And I prophesied to the slightly astonished troubadour the evolution of the whole great stream of European love literature from himself onward, to Dante and the phantom Beatrice, Petrarch and the chaste Laura, to Ronsard and the sonnets of Shakespeare, and on to the nineteenth-century Romantics. Then I remembered my useless heartburn for the girl from north Oxford, and I wondered whether it was a good thing that troubadours had existed; why should one gasp like a fish in so rare an atmosphere of chaste spirit and impossible ideal love?

The troubadour was startled. 'Chaste spirit?' he said, and then laid a hand on my arm. They were singing his song again, and they had reached the last verse, which I had missed the first time. It was a verse of the most fresh, delicate, and unprintable indelicacy; it was welcomed with quiet pleasure by the company, including our hostess to whom it was addressed, and, more surprisingly, by her husband.

'No', said the troubadour, 'whatever our successors may be, we are still human'. He said that he thought I had got hold of the wrong end of the stick. It had all been going on a long time, part of an evolution of civilisation, which he called courtesy, of manners; the songs were only a reflection of this process. The south of France was prospering; society was steadily consolidating in spite of the innumerable local wars, in bigger and bigger blocks bound by chivalrous loyalty; what could be better than to apply that same system of service, devotion, and personal loyalty to men's private lives as well as to their public lives, in as much as one could have a private life? Indeed, privacy was hardly yet

The Eyes of the Drowned Watch Keels Going Over

Where the light has no horizons we lie.
It dims into depth not distance. It sways
Like hair, then we shift and turn over slightly.
As once on the long swing under the trees
In the drowse of summer we slid to and fro
Slowly in the soft wash of the air, looking
Upwards through the leaves that turned over and back
Like hands, through the birds, the fathomless light,
Upwards. They go over us swinging
Jaggedly, labouring between our eyes
And the light. Churning their wrought courses
Between the sailing birds and the awed eyes
Of the fish, with the grace of neither, nor with
The stars' serenity that they follow.
Yet the light shakes around them as they go.
Why? And why should we, rocking on shoal-pillow,
With our eyes cling to them, and their wakes follow,
Who follow nothing? If we could remember
The stars in their clarity, we might understand now
Why we pursued stars, to what end our eyes
Fastened upon stars, how it was that we traced
In their remote courses not their own fates but ours.

W. S. MERWIN

Test Cricket as a Restrictive Practice

By DAVID SYLVESTER

HERE is a curious precedent. In 1930, just as in 1956, the series of Tests between England and Australia was the sixth fought between the two countries since the resumption of Test cricket after a war; then, as now, the first three of those series had been won by Australia, with the loss of only one match out of fifteen, England had taken the fourth series by winning the final Test at the Oval after the first four had been drawn, and the following series also had been won by England. It is to be hoped that future events will not take the analogy any further, because in 1930 Australia regained the Ashes.

But it is not in order to discuss how history repeats itself that I have brought up the subject of the 1930 Tests. My concern here is the slowing-down of Test cricket in recent times: the 1930 series can be seen as the turning-point at which Test cricket took the direction which led to its slowing-down. The crisis occurred, oddly enough, at headquarters itself—at Lord's, in the second Test. England had won the first, and they began the second by winning the toss and choosing to bat. In the absence through injury of Sutcliffe, their batting order read as follows: Hobbs, Woolley, Hammond, Duleepsinhji, Hendren, Chapman. Here was glamour indeed. Rarely can cricket have promised such a feast for the eyes. The promise was fulfilled.

England attacked from the start. At lunch, after two hours' play, they had scored 129 for 3. The afternoon was Duleepsinhji's, and what a splendid afternoon it must have been. He made 173, and when he was out, shortly before the close of play, it was to a catch on the boundary after he had been given instructions to hit out. That day England totalled 405 for 9 wickets—that is, a hundred runs more than is considered good going in Test cricket today.

The next morning, England added another 20 runs.

The Australians began their innings at a much more leisurely rate than ours. In fact, Woodfull, their captain, made 9 in his first hour at the wicket. This was more like cricket as we know it now. But wickets did not fall, the rate of scoring gradually went up, and at the close they had made 404 for 2. The next day was a Sunday. On the Monday, Bradman and Kippax started off at quite a moderate pace, and speeded up only after lunch. Shortly before three o'clock Bradman was out for 254. At tea Australia declared at 729 for 6.

By noon on the fourth and last day England's first five batsmen had gone and they were still more than 150 runs behind. But now Chapman, the captain, and G. O. Allen

fought back, and together added 125 at over a run a minute. Chapman went on hitting sixes and fours, and by the time he was out had made 121 in about three hours. England were all out for 375. Australia still had all the time they needed to hit off the runs. To summarise: 1,600 runs had been scored in less than four days' play; England, even in their

second innings, as in their first, had scored at the rate of more than a run a minute. We have only to compare the rearguard action fought that day by Chapman and Allen with the one fought by Watson and Bailey on the corresponding day of the corresponding match in 1953 to see how the strategy of Test cricket has been transformed. I need hardly remind you that Watson and Bailey managed to save the day.

All the same, we look back with nostalgia to the time when England could score more than 400 on the first day of a Test. On the other hand, we seem to think it is important, supremely important, who wins Test matches, and there is no doubt that, if it matters who wins and who loses, England did wrongly to score so fast that day.

In doing so, they lost

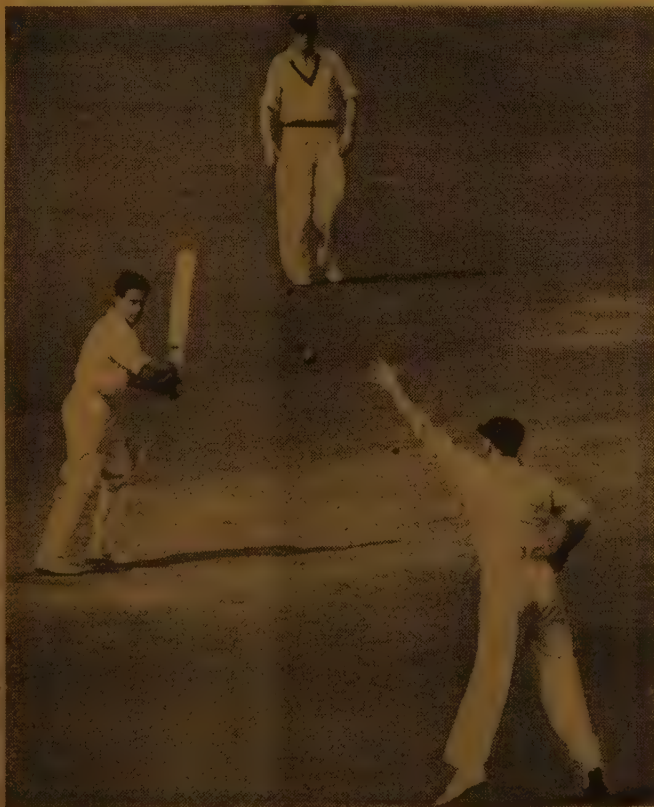
their wickets, when it was their duty not only to get runs but to go on batting long enough to deprive their opponents of time to win the match. Their strategy was all the more misguided in that they had won the previous Test, and should therefore have been less concerned with forcing another win themselves than with preventing the other side from winning.

All of this assumes, of course, that we reject the old adage that says it's not who wins that matters but how you play the game. The point is, you have to make a choice; you have to make up your mind whether international sport is an exhibition or a contest, to decide whether your concern is with aesthetic pleasure or with national prestige.

The Australians won the second Test in 1930 and went on to win the rubber because they chose prestige and; having made their choice, accepted its consequences. They went all out to win. They won the second Test, after conceding 400 runs on the first day, not because they were a more gifted collection of cricketers—even allowing for Bradman, they were not—but because they were the more highly organised team, more single-minded, more painstaking, more deliberate, more ruthless, in a word, more methodical—with a method and a plan geared unashamedly to success. The plan did not only cover their tactics on the field of play. Before



Watson and (left, below) Bailey batting against the Australians in the second Test match at Lord's in 1953



they arrived here, a London newspaper provoked a good deal of amusement by publishing a document which each of the Australian players had been obliged to sign, a document by which they submitted themselves to restrictions on their individual liberty far beyond anything previously imposed upon cricketers going on a tour. The Australians, in short, had come to look upon Test cricket as a form of total war. (Psycho-analysts might have something to say about this attitude towards the mother-country.)

The Notion of Responsibility

The key to the outlook of the 1930 tourists was the notion of responsibility—an idea which has subsequently grown and grown in force, as England's present captain pointed out only the other day. A Test cricketer, it is nowadays assumed, is not on the field for his amusement, or even for our amusement: he is a man with a responsibility to his country. The date of the 1930 Test series is not without significance: truly this series marked the transition from the gay 'twenties to the earnest 'thirties.

By the time the final Test of 1930 was due, the England selectors had cottoned on. A bowler was dropped to lengthen the batting, and Chapman the effervescent was displaced by the dogged Wyatt. The change of captain was not only strategic, it was symbolic: Chapman of Kent, the very archetype of the amateur, made way for Wyatt of Warwickshire, archetype of a new breed of cricketer, the amateur as quasi-professional: the Cavalier gave way to the Roundhead. And Wyatt proceeded to play a captain's innings of the new type, the Woodfull type. Joining Sutcliffe when England's score was 197 for 5, Wyatt stayed three-and-a-half-hours to make 64 of the 182 runs added while he was there.

Utilitarian cricket is slow cricket: this platitude is something I have been implying all along, but I must make it clear that it is not altogether true of the Australian batting in 1930. For example, on the first day of the Leeds Test Australia scored 458 for 3. But 304 of those runs were Bradman's. The Australians had this freak amongst them who could actually make runs very fast without taking the slightest risk. The rest of them were therefore content not to hurry, but to wear down the bowling before he came in and keep him company while he was there.

It was in order to combat this freak that we went to Australia two years later with a plan politely known as 'fast leg-theory'. We were the ones who were waging a total war now, only this was a war in which victory was to be gained not through sound defence but through remorseless attack—in almost too literal a sense. We won the Ashes, but body-line tactics were then banned, and, for the remainder of the nineteen-thirties, Test cricket became a war of attrition, with defence gaining an ever firmer hold. This trend reached its climax in 1938 at the Oval and in the ten-day Test at Durban in 1939. Everything conspired to create large scores, amassed in a laborious, miserly style. Batsmen were becoming disposed to caution *a priori*. On top of this, wickets were being prepared to make things easy for the batsman, and this meant that there was no great reward likely for the bowler who tried to tempt the batsman to score or get out, and, as a result, bowling also tended to become defensive, to concentrate on giving nothing away and trying the batsman's patience until he got himself out. The new l.b.w. rule was introduced in an attempt to redress the balance in the bowler's favour. But its chief result was merely to further the emphasis on defensive play.

Fundamental Change

There has been one fundamental change in the character of Test cricket since the last war, which is that scores are nothing like so high as they were in the 'thirties. And, with this, the rate of scoring has become even slower. I do not think this improvement in bowlers' averages is merely the result of the retirement of Bradman plus the effects of the new new-ball rule (no longer new) plus the efforts of groundsmen to give the bowler a chance. I think that it is due above all to an unprecedented sophistication in defensive tactics in the field. Never have leg-side fields been set out with such devilish cunning as they are today; never have bowlers bowled to those fields with such inexhaustible patience. It is leg-theory over again, only instead of having a hard-working fast bowler hurling honest thunderbolts at your head, you have some tiresome, tireless, purveyor of off-breaks or inswingers tempting and teasing you: instead of trying to save your skin, you are trying to save your reputation, which is much more embarrassing. And

you are undergoing this ordeal, which cannot make you look heroic but can make you look absurd, under the gaze, not only of three short-legs but of several television cameras. Is it surprising that, when promising or potential Test batsmen are discussed nowadays, we hear more and more said about temperament, less and less about native skill? The symbol of modern Test cricket is Trevor Bailey, the most determined of defensive batsmen, the most intelligent of defensive bowlers, the most graceless of cricketers.

A great many words have been spent in recent years in discussing the problem of how to get the style and the action back into Test cricket, to encourage an attacking approach. Because the initiative has now passed to the bowlers, it is the bowlers who must be encouraged to attack. So it is that great batsmen, such as Bradman and Hutton offer suggestions, after their retirement, for changes in the laws which would make things easier for the bowler. But all such suggestions on the technical plane are really irrelevant, external to the problem. We have to recognise that the cricket we get is the cricket we want, even if we are loath to recognise that this really is the cricket we want. It is a kind of cricket designed to win Test series, and if we want to win Test series we are only sharing in an emotion that seems enormously powerful today everywhere in the world—a passionate desire to win vicariously sporting victories over foreigners. And if you want to win, you cannot afford to risk losing merely in order to play the game in the grand manner.

I enunciated that last statement as if it were a truism. It is not. And that is the root of the matter. It may be no more than a quirk of our time to suppose that victory goes to those who are most careful not to lose. This is the age of national insurance, the Welfare State, the restrictive practice—the age of everything that gives us the illusion of being secure. Test cricket today merely reflects all this. Cricket is a harmony parallel to nature. Therefore it can never effectively be tampered with; it can only change as life outside changes.

—Third Programme

In West Penwith

Against the water nothing can be done:
The bare composure of the cliff's a lie,
And gives way to the tide. In this place
Living needs courage and an open eye

For knowing what is really in the air.
The sea has a humbling distance; from its plane
That sometimes tilts enough to drown a cliff,
Nothing is sure of getting home again.

Smaller than crabs, the climbing and falling boats
Have given over their sailors' liberty
To variable, undermining laws; although
No visitor expects a death at sea.

But the miner walking his greyhound knows his luck:
The water wrinkles sour above the dead
Lost in caves below the sea-bed, veins
Where they could sweat their dangerous daily bread.

To drown, or die in the darkness of the mine,
Are possibilities you can't by-pass
Among the tangle of rocks and stone walls scrawled
Over the black soil and dense green grass.

The wind has broken loose so many times
To bang the glass and shake the puny tree
That cannot shelter half a farmhouse wall,
And grows its twisted pattern from the sea:

Each evening the men return from work
Is ordinary; entering the door,
They move to hearth and table, while the gulls
With merciless beaks attack the field by the shore.

KENNETH GEE

Memories of George Bernard Shaw

By PRINCESS MÄRTHE BIBESCO

A TALL figure in a light-grey suit was leaning half hidden from me against a pillar, as I entered St. Margaret's church in London that day. It was May 5, 1919, the wedding day of Elizabeth Asquith to Antoine Bibesco. 'Look round', whispered the bridegroom in my ear. 'That's Bernard Shaw'. But why hiding behind a pillar, and why dressed in country clothes, as if he intended to play golf that same afternoon?

The explanation was to come later. This wedding was a tremendous social affair and a great experience for me, a newcomer to London society. Queen Alexandra attended; the whole of London—political, artistic, aristocratic—was there to see the daughter of the former Prime Minister and of Margot Tennant, his wife, the essence of England and Scotland combined, marrying a stranger 'for better or for worse'.

I had many things to see and to learn that day, but somehow I managed to have a good look at Bernard Shaw. Here was the man whose latest play, 'Androcles and the Lion', I had so much enjoyed the night before; here was the great playwright at play, closely observing; here was the famous wit, the Irish genius who made fun of the English in the best English prose. Here he was in the flesh, at close range. I stared at him for a minute. I noticed his white-and-ginger-mixed hair, beard, and moustache, and formidable eyebrows, in colour something like a sugar-coated ginger cake. I noticed his faun-like profile; the rosy complexion, the long nose of a slightly deeper shade of pink; the small eyes the colour of quamarine, the corners twisted up in Chinese manner, which gave that Nijinsky touch to 'this face by all men feared'. I had so often seen it reproduced in the newspapers.

But why was Bernard Shaw keeping away from the wedding guests, so close to the entrance door, half hidden behind that pillar? Had my cousin Antoine not told me he was there, I should have passed him by. Rapidly I took stock of his presence, and then I had to move on. The organ was playing, the dark-eyed, pale-faced, lovely bride had made her appearance on her father's arm. Bernard Shaw had vanished when I left St. Margaret's in the Asquiths' car through the cheering crowds.

The next day a second ceremony took place at the Greek Church in London. 'The much-wedded pair', as Lord Oxford, at that time Mr. Asquith, humorously described his daughter and son-in-law, were receiving a second blessing, that time from the eastern Church. Again Bernard Shaw was there watching, and again he vanished before I or anybody else could talk to him.

The explanation was to come a few weeks later in Paris, when Elizabeth Bibesco, who had now become my cousin, showed me a letter he had just received from Bernard Shaw. His curly handwriting covered several sheets of paper. He was describing Elizabeth's wedding to Elizabeth herself, minutely in his best satirical manner. He was the man who detested attending matrimonial ceremonies, the man who made a point never to go to anyone's wedding; he declared he would not have gone to his own if he could have helped it. He was making fun of everything and everybody he had seen at both western and eastern Churches, and this included Mr. Bernard Shaw himself. This letter was inscribed as a wedding present to Elizabeth from an old friend. He had loved her since she was a child of eight, when he had first met her in her mother's drawing-room at 10, Downing Street.

I had the good luck to meet Bernard Shaw several times after that,

at luncheon parties, at Sir Philip Sassoon's, and at the houses of mutual friends. I met him in London and also in Paris. Then came the time of his triumph, the year when Ludmilla Pitoëff was the principal character in Shaw's masterpiece 'St. Joan'. Bernard Shaw had made it almost impossible for any modern playwright, not even for the French Péguy, or, today, for Anouilh, to compare with his Joan. I do not include Claudel's 'Jeanne au Bûcher' (it is called in England 'Joan of Arc at the Stake'). This is no play, but a poem unsurpassable, supported by the angel wings of Honegger's heavenly music.

About the time when Shaw's 'St. Joan' was being played all over the world, I came to meet Bernard Shaw and his wife in still more intimate surroundings than before. We were all staying then at Trent Park with Philip Sassoon. It was a lovely English summer's day, and I was walking with Shaw towards the water garden to see the pink flamingoes recently brought to Trent from Egypt. Lazily we strolled in the sun on the green path along the herbaceous border, where only blue flowers were allowed to grow. As we came to a bench where we could sit to watch the birds, our host and Mrs. Shaw came along, laughing about an incident that had recently happened. They induced Bernard Shaw to tell me the story himself, which he did, his faun-like face wrinkled with fun.

An actress, of Teutonic origin, who had apparently been brought up on Nietzsche's superman, had come to London in order to try to convince Bernard Shaw that she alone could play his Joan of Arc as it ought to be played. After their first interview she went further than that. She actually wrote a letter to Shaw which went like this:

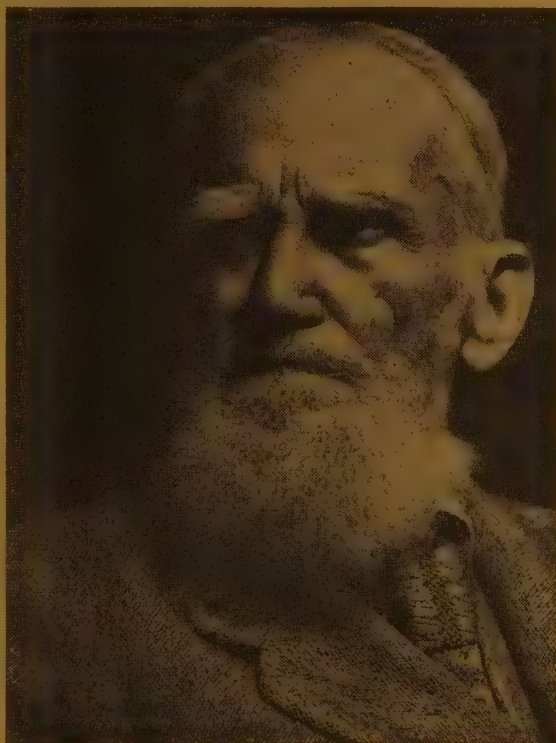
Dear Mr. Bernard Shaw,—You are the man who has the best brain in the world. You are a recognised genius. I am the woman who has the best looks in the world. I am a recognised beauty. Let us have a child together.

Bernard Shaw had written back:

No, my dear, that won't do. The trouble is that in those matters one can never tell. The child might be born with my looks, and with your brain.

That story has often been told to me since, but I shall always remember hearing it from Shaw himself in that lovely English garden.

During those happy days at Trent I heard from Mrs. Shaw how 'St. Joan' came to be written. She and her husband had travelled by car during their summer holidays all through Normandy. And on their way they also visited Rouen, the town where Joan had met her death. Mrs. Shaw shrewdly noticed her husband falling in love with the Maid of Orleans' ghost. Their stay at Rouen had to be prolonged by a full day and night, and the next morning he was just as eager to follow up his new dream of Joan. By now, Mrs. Shaw was determined that her husband should write his play about Joan of Arc, but, knowing from long experience how to deal with a genius, she carefully abstained from broaching the subject again to him. Not once did she commit the blunder of saying, 'Now perhaps you ought to write about Joan'. Not she! But when they came home to England, Mrs. Shaw scattered carelessly here and there a postcard from Rouen, a guide book, a picture of Joan in Rheims, another of her statue in Paris or in Rouen. She was doing her work as Tom Thumb did his in the big forest where the ogre dwelt, scattering about little bits of paper to make the path to inspiration sure and to pave the way towards safety and a masterpiece. A postcard here and a postcard there, a children's book describing



One of the last photographs taken of Bernard Shaw

Adolf Morath

Joan's story in coloured pictures left open on a garden chair. More, even—a medal of St. Joan, sent by a friend from Rome, worn by Mrs. Shaw herself. The silent conspiracy of things went on in Bernard Shaw's house, waged by an observant wife. And, thanks to her constant care, the fire of inspiration was fanned and the famous play was written in no time, for all time.

It is a long while ago, and time has fled since the day I had seen Bernard Shaw hidden behind a pillar at St. Margaret's church. My curiosity about the man had been fully satisfied. I had attended his first nights in Paris and his first nights in London as well. Now my friend, Anthony Asquith, was bringing 'Pygmalion' to the screen to become the wonderful film we all have seen and loved. There was some difficulty about Eliza appearing at the ball. In the play, the scene was alluded to, but not actually described. The producer insisted that this scene must appear on the screen. Therefore the question arose of asking Bernard Shaw to write that scene. This was not an easy matter to tackle. Anthony Asquith went to lunch with Mr. and Mrs. Shaw at their flat in London. Music was the topic of conversation, and the addition to 'Pygmalion' was not to be mentioned. Bernard Shaw played his favourite Mozart after lunch at Anthony Asquith's request. It gave full time to relax. Only after this did Anthony dare to pull out of his pocket the few lines he had jotted down on paper, in the hope of inducing Shaw to write this additional scene to his play. At first he

frowned fiercely; then his face lit up. Eliza was described by Anthony Asquith as walking down the stairs, in the 'frozen calm of a sleep-walker'. 'Frozen calm', Bernard Shaw repeated once or twice, savouring the words. 'Frozen calm of a sleepwalker, you say?' And, pleased by the words, he rushed out of the room, and went to write the scene.

This time, it was London again. With friends, I had attended the night before Bernard Shaw's 'The Apple Cart'. The next day I knew I was to meet him at a luncheon party at Londonderry House. There was a little flutter in the company as time was getting on, and most of the men present, as well as the host and his son, had to attend a debate in parliament in the early afternoon. Until the last guest had arrived, it was not possible to start luncheon. All of a sudden, Gilbert, Lord Londonderry's butler—I remember him very well as the type of Admirable Crichton in Barrie's play—Gilbert came up to our hostess, and said in a subdued voice: 'I am sorry to have to tell your ladyship that Mr. Bernard Shaw will not be able to attend the luncheon. Mr. Bernard Shaw has just collapsed on the staircase'.

So this was the stage in the setting chosen by destiny before the curtain fell; the historical staircase of Londonderry House, where, since the days of the Congress of Vienna, until our days, so many of the social events of London had become history. Bernard Shaw did not die on that day. Still it is there and then that the light, for me, had failed.—*Home Service*

Dickens and Kafka

By ROY PASCAL

I SHOULD probably not have thought of putting Dickens and Kafka side by side, if Kafka had not provoked it. There is a note in his Journal that asserts his debt to Dickens, and it is this that I want to use as my text. It concerns his earliest novel, *America* (unfinished like the others), the first chapter of which he published in 1913 under the title 'The Stoker'. This is what he jotted down in 1917:

Dickens' *Copperfield* ('The Stoker' a sheer imitation of Dickens, and the novel as planned even more so). The affair with the box [trunk], the happiness and the charm the hero radiates, the sordid jobs, his beloved in the country, the dirty houses, etc., above all the method. It was my intention, as I now perceive, to write a Dickens novel, but enriched by the sharper lights that I have taken from my times, and the duller ones lit within me. Dickens' lavishness and his unreflecting torrential flow, but as a consequence passages of appalling feebleness, where he wearily rehashes what he has already served up. The senseless whole makes an impression of barbarism, a barbarism that I, it's true, have avoided, thanks to my weakness and profiting by being a successor. His heartlessness behind a manner that overflows with feeling. These stumps of crude characterisation, which are artificially driven in with each of his people, and without which Dickens would not have been able to scramble to the top of his story.

If one follows up these comments, I think one gets an interesting slant on both writers.

Let me start with what Kafka calls 'the affair with the box'. It is the story of David Copperfield's box that he loses on his way to Betsey Trotwood's. He has packed all his property into it, but a lout who offers to trundle it to the stage-coach steals it, together with David's money. The boy sells his jacket and waistcoat, and just manages to make his way to his aunt's.

In Kafka's *America*, Karl Rossmann, the boy-hero, finds on arrival in New York harbour that he has left his umbrella in his cabin. He leaves his bag on deck and goes to fetch the umbrella. Below deck he meets the stoker, gets sympathetically involved in the stoker's grievances against the captain, and goes with him to the captain's cabin. Here he is recognised by his rich uncle and goes to live with him—the bag and umbrella being meanwhile forgotten. When he is thrown off by his uncle, the bag and umbrella suddenly reappear, and he sets off with them across America. Two hobos attach themselves to him, and he is in continual anxiety about his property, but though they ransack the bag, they despise its contents. He escapes from them by taking a job as lift-boy at the Hotel Occidental; on parting they steal only one thing, the photograph of Karl's parents. He offers them the whole bag in exchange, but with no result. When after a little time he loses his job

and falls into their clutches again, the bag disappears, this time for good.

In Dickens, the box is a piece of property; when David loses it, he falls into dire straits. After fulfilling its immediate function in the story, it naturally disappears. It illustrates Dickens' method. His books are full of things and persons, surging up and sinking from sight, helping and hindering the hero, yet constituting a world essentially separate from his inward self, only temporarily and accidentally related to it. The main question for the hero is, can he preserve his integrity undamaged in this riot of things?

But Karl Rossmann's bag has no practical function; its possession or loss does not mean security or destitution. Its meaning is moral, it is a symbol rather than a thing. The bag and umbrella bind him to his family in Europe, to the half-comic respectability of the stilted photograph. Safe with his uncle, he needs no other moral support, and bag and umbrella are forgotten. They win enormous importance when he feels himself falling to the level of the hobos; and when he does become their associate in the abject service of the wealthy Brunelda, the symbols of home and respectability disappear altogether. Incident, so lavishly provided by Dickens as the footholds of his story, is extraordinarily meagre in Kafka, but each incident is symbolic of the total situation. The outer world is a projection of the inner, and Karl's inner world determines the character of his experiences. Hence the formal unity of Kafka's works, as contrasted with Dickens' 'barbaric senselessness', as Kafka calls it.

Consider the outcome of the bag affair. When David is adopted by his aunt, all the spiritual oppressions and terrors of his childhood disappear at one stroke. She protects him against the feeble onslaught of the Murdstones, she sets him on a respectable career, she replaces his lost parents, and, above all, she frees him of his obscure feeling of guilt. It is part of Dickens' 'senselessness' that the novel takes a completely new turn—in fact, Dickens rummages about for some time before he finds a theme for this latter part. But Karl Rossmann never emerges from the shadows. He thinks he finds substitute parents, but each successively fails him. In the end, in place of that clear sober world that David Copperfield enters, in which all the terrifying phantoms of his childhood are dispelled, Karl is admitted to a mysterious 'Nature Theatre of Oklahoma', a vast organisation where all are welcome and where each finds employment in accordance with his natural gifts. This grotesque, fantastic, dream-like fulfilment of his wishes seems to be a parody of the outcome of *Copperfield*; it only emphasises Karl's incapacity to free himself, to understand and master real circumstances.

In the passage I quoted, Kafka calls his 'method . . . above all . . . an imitation of Dickens'. He means perhaps the similarity of structure of the novels. In *America* a young innocent journeys through a series of threatening and bewildering incidents, maintaining throughout his goodness and integrity. This is the Dickens of *Oliver Twist* and *The Old Curiosity Shop*, as well as *David Copperfield*. In both authors the theme of flight, of search for an obscure security, recurs frequently. Actually, in distinction from Kafka's later novels, *The Trial* and *The Castle*, we recognise in *America* the source of the hero's bewilderment—he is a youngster in an adult world, an immigrant in a strange society, caught between heartless capitalists and heartless proletarians. We remember Kafka's own predicament as an emancipated Jew cut off from the Jewish community, cut off too from the German culture to which he belonged and the Czech culture in which he lived.

Similarity of Method

But the similarity of method goes deeper than this. Although Dickens was concerned to depict the circumstances of the social life around him (particularly that of his earlier years), the experiences of his characters repeatedly expand into fantastic forms, larger than life-size, grotesquely potent. Think of the Court of Chancery in *Bleak House*, with its endless lawsuits, its infinite tentacles, its subterranean connections with the depravity of Tom All-Along's; think of the Circumlocution Office. Terrifying figures like Fagin and Quilp embody observed features of social reality, but transcend realism in that they embody also Dickens' obsession with the evil they represent and his judgement on them—or, when he is at his best, they embody the moral meaning they have for his other characters. Fagin or Miss Havershaw are the concomitant, the symbolic expression, of the helplessness of the innocent children through whose eyes we in effect see them. For *David Copperfield*, the figure of his stepfather Murdstone acquires a monstrous potency as the embodiment of the incomprehensible and absolute power of adult paternal authority, its self-confidence and righteousness. *Copperfield* was Freud's favourite Dickens; he must have recognised in Murdstone an Oedipus-fantasy. When, on his flight to Dover, David is abandoned and destitute, the almost possessed figures of the old clothes dealer and the tinker are like hallucinations that issue from the helpless isolation of the child.

It is here that Kafka is closest to Dickens, and as always he is more consequent. In Dickens there are at least two levels of narrative—the level of the character's experience, and then that of the all-knowing narrator, who can make his comments and explanations. In Kafka we are kept at the level of the character, and see and know only what the hero sees and knows. And for the hero the firm, banal outlines of social experience continually dissolve—or condense—into fantastic forms. When Karl misses his umbrella, he gets lost in a maze of passages; rescued by the stoker, he gets entangled in the latter's tortuous complaints. When he has lost the favour of his uncle, he loses himself in the interminable dark corridors of the country house. The Hotel Occidental is large beyond comprehension, the conspiracy of the higher employees unfathomable; the horror of a nightmare clings to the repulsive Brunelda. In *The Trial* and *The Castle* every step takes the hero into uncharted regions; every enquiry deepens his bewilderment and removes him further from a recognisable reality and an understanding of what should be done.

There is also a profound difference between the two writers in this respect. And, once having established similarities, and even in some cases a direct indebtedness on Kafka's part, one sees all the more clearly the vast difference between the artistic purposes of the nineteenth-century and twentieth-century writer. Dickens was a prey to obsessions that are mirrored in the world of his characters; but his purpose was to take his characters out of this fantastic world, to free them of fears and oppressions, to lead them into the sober light of day. His solutions are often sentimental and forced, but his procedure is legitimate, since the source of the fears is usually something external and definable which ultimately can be grasped and even put right. The sufferings and drive of Kafka's characters are of inward rather than external origin, they are indeed profoundly elusive, and as a result the heroes scarcely emerge, if at all, from a fantastic, shadow-haunted twilight. Recent writing on Dickens tends to stress the visionary nature of his imagination. When one holds him against Kafka, however, one is perhaps more impressed by the fact that his fantasies are ultimately a means to depict man's relations with the outer social world, they are ultimately governed by a moral, one might say a realistic, purpose.

There is an election scene in *America* that I should say has a Dickensian origin. Karl is standing on the balcony of an apartment high up in a skyscraper tenement. Deep below, in the street, he sees an election procession, with a band, speeches, drinks, arguments and a scuffle. He hears only scraps of music and shouts, it is for him a sort of incomprehensible ritual in which the participants are passionately engaged. All the time he is clamped against the balcony rail by the huge bulk of Brunelda. It is all meaningless to him, yet he is fascinated by it, just as he is in fact held a prisoner by his abhorrent mistress.

The parliamentary elections in *The Pickwick Papers* and *Our Mutual Friend* are meaningless too, but in an entirely different way. We see how absurd they are in their grotesque procedure, and our laughter liberates us from any fascination they might exert. They would make Dickens' contemporaries more ready to demand parliamentary reform; Kafka's simply deepen the bemusing fascination of the absurd. For Dickens the word 'absurd' has its normal colloquial meaning, something to laugh at, because we are given a common-sense standard to which we can relate the absurdity and by which we can judge it; he tells us, too, *why* people behave absurdly. For Kafka there is no such standard or relation, no explanation of why. Everything is absurd in the sense of meaningless, and it is the absurd that symbolises the state of man as a whole.

Both authors are fond of depicting circus folk, artists who devote themselves with single-minded devotion to a self-chosen, unrelated vocation, like dog-trainers, puppet-players, and such. Dickens contrasts this serious devotion with its purpose and the contrast is affectionately comic. Kafka's trapeze artist and starvation expert are not comic; their utter self-sacrifice to the absurd is a general human symbol. They are like the Flogger in *The Trial*, who cannot be persuaded to stop flogging because that is his whole *raison d'être*: 'It's my job to flog, and flog [them] I shall'.

Yet the similarity in this respect draws our attention to something in Kafka that may easily be overlooked—his humour. This combination of senselessness with fixity of purpose has often its comic side. Max Brod tells us that when Kafka read the opening chapter of *The Trial* to a few friends, they were all convulsed with laughter. The book opens with the arrest of Joseph K. on an unspecified charge. What they must have laughed at was the utter confusion of Joseph K., his frantic attempts to find a reason for it all, his misplaced acumen and complacent rhetoric, which is contrasted with the massive, boorish self-confidence of the court ushers who treat him as their booty. I wonder, however, whether any reader would laugh; we might be able to, if we could discern behind the apparent confusion a common-sense reason for it all, but this is what we never can discover, and we are horrified and appalled, not amused. Contrast Dickens: when Horace Skimpole is arrested for debt, and this superior witty gentleman is mastered by the simple-minded usher, we laugh at the reversal of roles because we understand, and find reasonable, the charge and the law behind it.

Pervasive Humour

Humour is, in fact, as pervasive in Kafka as in Dickens. But because of the powerlessness of Kafka's characters to understand, to relate purpose and meaning, his humour is always gallows-humour, macabre, ominous, terrifying. The first meeting of K. (in *The Castle*) with his so-called assistants is characteristic. K. claims to be a surveyor appointed by the castle's authorities, and has been provisionally recognised as such—whether he really is a surveyor we never know. He claims that his assistants are on the way with his instruments, though they never turn up. Instead two fellows who behave like circus clowns come from the castle and present themselves to him as his assistants.

They saluted. Remembering his military service, those good old times, he laughed. 'Who are you?' he asked, looking from one to the other. 'Your assistants', they answered. 'You are my old assistants, whom I told to follow me, whom I'm waiting for?' They said they were. 'Good, that's good', said K. after a moment or two, 'it's good you've come'. 'By the way', said K. after a further pause, 'you're very late, you're very slack'. 'It was a long journey', said one of them. 'A long journey', repeated K., 'but I met you coming from the castle'. 'Yes', they said without further explanation. 'Where have you put the instruments?' asked K. 'We haven't any', they said. 'The instruments I put in your care', said K. 'We haven't any', they repeated. 'Oh, what fellows you are', said K. 'Do you know anything about surveying?' 'No', they said. 'But if you're my old assistants, you surely must know that', said K. They were silent. 'Oh, well, come along then', said K., and pushed them into the house.

It is a humorous situation. Both sides are impostors, and though the contrast between reality and pretence is at times glaring, both sides try to keep up the make-believe, at the same time letting the other side see that they are not taken in. But the scene is ominous and terrifying rather than comic, for behind it lies the obscure power of the castle, the bewilderment and confusion of K.'s quest, his tragic insecurity as opposed to the confidence of the simpletons.

And these clowns, who like so many of Kafka's characters are nothing but masks, lead me to my final point of contrast. Dickens' single-track characters do on occasions branch off, they can become kindly or cruel, and they even have the possibility of developing into fuller personalities, like Mr. Micawber or Mrs. Gummidge. Kafka's characters do not develop, they are realised only in their frozen function.

It is true that this sort of development in Dickens is often sentimental. He often could not face up to the truth he had established, and twisted it to suit his wishes. I think Kafka was thinking of this when he called him sentimental and heartless together; Dickens tries to smother the bitterness of life by forcing change on it, just as he did by melodrama, or by copious tears and a touching funeral. Kafka lived in a time and place when such solutions could only appear as a self-

deception. But Kafka, in avoiding such deception, and denying to man understanding, meaning, and development, falsifies life in another way. It was not only nineteenth-century sentimentalism, a credulous belief in progress, wishful thinking, or subservience to his public, that made Dickens develop his characters and lead them from horrors to comfort, from bewilderment to understanding. People and institutions do change, can change, and even for the better. Once or twice there is a trace of a growth in wisdom in Kafka's characters, but in general he denies the possibility of development. He himself expressed his consciousness of his position in his harrowing *Little Fable*:

'Alas', said the mouse, 'the world is growing narrower every day. At first it was so wide that I was afraid, and I was glad when at last I saw walls to right and left in the distance, but these long walls are hurrying so quickly towards one another that I am already in the last room, and there in the corner stands the trap into which I am running'. —'You've only got to change direction', said the cat and ate it up.

All Kafka's characters are obsessed like this mouse; at best they question whether they are running in the right direction. Dickens allows his characters to learn too easily the wisdom of the cat; Kafka's remain true to themselves; but they are unable ever to 'change direction'.

—Third Programme

Mescaline and Mr. Aldous Huxley

By R. C. ZAEHNER

FEW of us probably had heard of mescaline before 1954, the year in which Mr. Aldous Huxley published his fascinating little study entitled *The Doors of Perception*. Since then the drug (with its effects on various individuals) has made its appearance in the British press though it has not yet found its way into our chemists' shops. With the publication of Mr. Huxley's second book on the subject, *Heaven and Hell**, public interest in this supposedly miraculous drug is likely to revive.

I do not propose to discuss here the actual physiological effect the drug has on the brain, since I am no scientist. What I do propose to discuss is Mr. Huxley's claim to have known what he calls 'contemplation at its height'; and the equation he appears to make between his own experience under mescaline and the Beatific Vision, a claim which, if justified, would make nonsense of all contemplative religion; for it would seem singularly pointless to pursue a contemplative life with all the privations which such a life entails if the same result can be obtained by swallowing two fifths of a gram of mescaline.

What seems strange is that Mr. Huxley continues to write as if his own experience were typical of all mescaline-takers—whereas part of the fascination of mescaline is that its effects seem to be wholly unpredictable. One would expect, for instance, that the frame of mind of the person about to take the drug would have some effect on him when the drug began to work. This does not appear to be so. In my own case, for instance, I can only say that the actual reaction I experienced was wholly unforeseen. Contrary to what Mr. Huxley says in his books, I had heard that there had been cases of experiments in this country in which the subject had experienced panic terror; I had also read Mr. Raymond Mortimer's account in *The Sunday Times* in which he says that at one stage he suffered 'the torments caused by some forms of madness'.

I had no desire to suffer any such torments and was therefore gravely apprehensive on the day that I actually took the drug. I was, in fact, expecting a rather grim reaction, and at the same time half hoping to experience at least the miraculous heightening of the sense of colour so graphically described by Mr. Huxley as well as Mr. Mortimer and others. In actual fact colours for the most part stayed exactly as they normally are and in some cases even appeared to fade away. At no stage during the experiment were they one whit brighter than at normal times. Thus it seems that we cannot say with Mr. Huxley that 'the experiences encountered under the influence of mescaline . . . are certainly strange; but they are strange with a certain regularity, strange according to a pattern'. They are not: and to state that they are and to recommend that the drug should be used as a 'religious surrogate' shows an irresponsible lack of seriousness; and to write a book, though a short one, in which one mescaline experience is used to support a whole theory of visionary experience, seems pointless. I suppose my own

experience might be similarly used and with totally different results.

It would be equally pointless to deny the intensity of Mr. Huxley's experience or that it seemed to him supremely meaningful, just as it would be futile to deny that there are lunatics who know with a (for them) certain knowledge that they are God, the universe, or merely Napoleon Bonaparte. The experiences of lunatics are seldom adduced by pantheists as evidence supporting their beliefs: and experiences under mescaline fall within the same category; for the effect of the drug is precisely to produce a paranormal state in normally sane persons. More specifically, it will often reproduce a near approximation to the manic phase of a manic-depressive psychosis: and I imagine that the experiences of manics are no more uniform than those of mescaline-takers. In any case to argue that the mescaline-taker can attain to 'contemplation at its height' is tantamount to arguing that the manic can do likewise. This is to equate contemplative religion with madness; and this comes oddly from one who has spent so much time in seeking out the Absolute along Vedāntin lines. It is scarcely a good advertisement for the Hindu religion on behalf of which Mr. Huxley has written much earnest propaganda. For what he has shown is not so much that mescaline can produce a 'mystical' experience as that certain types of mystical experience which figure in the Hindu scriptures bear a close resemblance to the manic phase of the manic-depressive psychosis.

We have seen that it would be unscientific to speak of a 'typical' mescaline experience. Is it any more sensible to speak of a typical mystical experience? Mescaline experiences and mystical experiences have this much in common: ordinary human speech is usually incapable of describing them. This is about all that my own experience with the drug had in common with Mr. Huxley's, but for rather different reasons. In his case he found his transfigured world to be charged with ever deeper significance and this new vision could only be described in the paradoxical language of Indian religion (or of Meister Eckhart who never fails to turn up in these contexts): subject and object were merged into one single thing, or as Mr. Huxley puts it: 'I spent several minutes—or was it several centuries?—not merely gazing at those bamboo legs, but actually *being* them—or rather being myself in them; or to be still more accurate (for "I" was not involved in the case, nor in a certain sense were "they") being my Not-self in the Not-self which was the chair'. No such ineffable sensations occurred to me.

I was certainly less affected by the drug than was Mr. Huxley since it took nearly two hours and a half to work. It actually began to work in Christ Church Cathedral in Oxford. My difficulty here was that so many things seemed to be happening at once that I could not possibly describe them all; and, further, the moment you described what was happening in a Burne-Jones window, by the time you had finished your sentence, it was already out of date. Perhaps the oddest thing was that

whereas the choir seemed to be performing a ritual dance of some beauty, and whereas the rose-window was providing a counter-attraction by expanding and contracting in a way I thought at the time it had no business to do, the nave, transept, and even the arch which separates the choir from the transept remained absolutely motionless. At the time it was impossible to describe all this at once.

'Everything Became Inexpressibly Funny'

Similarly, when I returned to my own rooms a different reaction set in; but again it was a reaction which it was impossible to describe. Everything suddenly became inexpressibly funny; yet just what was funny I found it impossible to say. I suppose, if you see one of the Magi in a picture of the Adoration of the Magi desperately trying to get his crown off and not succeeding for the very adequate reason that he is in a picture, it might seem mildly amusing. It is not enough, however, to account for the cascades of absolutely irrepressible laughter that the scene actually occasioned. Everything suddenly became excruciatingly funny, yet I could not possibly say what, or how, or why. When asked what I found so funny, I could only reply, 'Nothing'; and this too seemed to be practically the funniest remark anyone had ever made. Nothing, in point of fact, was particularly funny, but everything seemed to be transformed into terms of pure farce. Yet if asked to describe why or how this was so, I could find no words to describe it, nor can I now. Thus Mr. Huxley's experiences and my own had only this in common—they were both indescribable. For him they were indescribable because they were fraught with ever deeper significance, transformed in what he calls 'naked existence': for me they were indescribable because they were bereft of any meaning whatever. Everything was utterly incongruous, and there were no longer any such things as causes and effects. This was wonderfully enjoyable, but was, for me, the very antithesis of a religious experience. I refused, when under the influence of the drug, to look at any picture which had religious significance for me.

If, then, the experiences of mescaline-takers have nothing in common except that they are frequently, though not always, indescribable in ordinary words, it is at least possible that the same may be true of what are called mystical experiences: and Mr. Huxley plainly thought that he had had such an experience, and that this experience could be compared to the Beatific Vision of the Christians or the Being-Awareness-Bliss of the Hindus. It was, he thought, what was meant by the assertion of the Zen Buddhists that 'the Dharma-Body of the Buddha is the hedge at the bottom of the garden'. He further assumed that these three ideas were different expressions of one truth. *A priori* there would seem to be about as much justification for this as for identifying Huxley's transformed world of 'naked existence' with its profundities of meaningfulness with my own transformed world of pure nonsense. The fact that they were both indescribable in no way proves that they were identical.

The same would seem to apply to mysticism. It does not follow that because all mystical experiences are ineffable, they are therefore identical. When Mr. Huxley says that his experience amounted to 'being his Not-self in the Not-self which was the chair', he is describing a phenomenon of what is usually called nature mysticism, the essence of which is that the distinction between the outside world and the experiencing self seems to disappear, in which 'without and within are one'. This sort of experience has been described by Richard Jefferies and Rimbaud among others, but it never occurred to either of these that what they experienced was in fact the Beatific Vision. Such identifications are sometimes made by persons suffering from acute mania; and that Mr. Huxley should have made a similar identification only proves the efficacy of mescaline in producing artificially a manic condition. Both Jefferies and Rimbaud experienced timeless moments; that is, they thought they had reached an eternal mode of being, but neither claimed that they had made contact with the source of all being which is usually called God; and this, surely, is the essence of the Beatific Vision. They, like Mr. Huxley, felt an inexpressible delight in seeming actually to be the outside world, but they never for a moment thought they were in union with God. And according to all theists God and Nature are distinct.

Nature mysticism is a widely attested phenomenon and is more widely experienced than is generally believed. It has been beautifully described by Forrest Reid in the following words:

It was as if everything that had seemed external and around me were suddenly within me. The whole world seemed to be within me. It

was within me that the trees waved their green branches, it was within me that the skylark was singing, it was within me that the hot sun shone, and that the shade was cool. . . . I could have sobbed for joy.

Nature mysticism could be described as 'pan-en-henic', a state in which all things appear as one and when the perceiving subject feels that he actually is the perceived object. This Mr. Huxley experienced under the influence of mescaline, but what possible grounds can there be for supposing that this is what is meant by the Beatific Vision?

The goal of the Christian, as indeed of all strictly theistic mystics, is the return of the soul to God, its source. This means a direct apprehension of God in His infinite goodness and perfection. This involves a complete detachment from created things, a detachment which is carried to fantastic extremes by many mystics, be they Hindu, Moslem, or Christian. For them detachment from all created things is the prerequisite on which the contemplative life is based. If the words used by the mystics have any meaning at all, the two experiences would appear to be diametrically opposed and mutually exclusive. On the one hand you have Mr. Huxley being his Not-self in the Not-self of the chair; on the other you have a total detachment from all chairs as from all created things which makes union with God possible. On the one hand you have the merging of the human soul into its environment, even the identification of that soul with all nature; on the other you have the rejection of the environment and nature because they can only distract the soul from God Who is the sum of all perfections. Here there would seem to be two totally different types of mysticism. It remains to be seen whether the Hindu Vedānta which Mr. Huxley has studied so long fits into either of these.

The Vedānta, in its most rigorous form, affirms that the human soul or *ātman* is identical with the Brahman or absolute reality which is characterised by Being, Awareness, and Bliss. Under mescaline Mr. Huxley claims to have understood 'precisely and completely what those prodigious syllables referred to'. Yet the actual account of his experiences seems to bear no relationship to the monism of the Vedānta. Nowhere does he claim to have experienced himself as the Absolute, and that is what the Vedāntin claims.

I cannot discuss here the validity of this claim; but we can at least say this. Both the classical Yoga and the Vedānta aim at the disjunction of the soul which is eternal from the psycho-physical complex of body, mind, will, and emotion with which it is temporarily united. The resulting experience is called *moksha*, meaning 'emancipation' or 'release'. Beyond this the soul cannot go, but for different reasons according to the two systems. For the classical Yoga the human soul is one of an infinity of eternal spiritual substances whose bliss consists in its total isolation from the world of time and space. There can be no question of union with a higher power since the end and good of each soul is the eternal possession of itself. For the Vedāntin release means the same; but in his case he does not admit the existence of any reality except the one soul which is at the same time God. So far as the phenomenal world exists at all, it is simply his own or God's imagination. In the final state of release it is realised that the phenomenal world does not exist at all. For the classical Yoga it is no longer experienced; it still exists though the soul has detached itself from it forever; but this is a philosophical distinction, the experience of total isolation is the same in both systems.

Three Types of Mysticism

It would then seem that there are at least three types of mysticism only one of which seems to have been vouchsafed to Mr. Huxley under the influence of mescaline. These types are, first, nature mysticism in which subject and object seem to merge into each other. The second is the total isolation of the eternal soul from all that is affected by time and space; and the third is the union of such an immortal soul with God Who is its source in an ecstasy of love. We cannot now enquire into the validity of any of these experiences and must content ourselves with noting the differences between them. Only this can be said, that theistic mysticism is distinguished from all others by the fact that it is God, not the soul, Who is felt to be the principal agent. For the Yogin and the Vedāntin this cannot be so since there is, by definition, no principal higher than the human soul. So, just as it is possible to classify the experiences of mescaline-takers even though they cannot fully express what they experience, so, too, with mystical experiences that are not artificially induced, we seem to be able to discern three distinct types. We are, alas, left with three incomprehensibles which are not finally reducible to one incomprehensible.—*Third Programme*

NEWS DIARY

April 18-24

Wednesday, April 18

Mr. Bulganin, President of the Council of Ministers of the U.S.S.R., and Mr. Khrushchev, Secretary-General of the Central Committee of the Soviet Communist Party, arrive in London

General debate on the Budget is resumed in the House of Commons

United States Government becomes full member of the economic committee of the Baghdad Pact

Thursday, April 19

Mr. Bulganin and Mr. Khrushchev begin informal talks with British Ministers at 10 Downing Street

Israel and Egypt conclude a cease-fire agreement at the request of the Secretary-General of the United Nations

Lieutenant-General Sir Geoffrey Bourne, G.O.C., Malaya, is appointed Commander-in-Chief, Middle East Land Forces

Mr. Gerard d'Erlanger is to succeed Sir Miles Thomas as Chairman of British Overseas Airways Corporation

Friday, April 20

British and Soviet Ministers discuss the Middle East and disarmament

The price of coal and coke is increased

Saturday, April 21

H.M. the Queen celebrates her thirtieth birthday at Windsor

Mr. Bulganin and Mr. Khrushchev visit the atomic energy establishment at Harwell and Oxford University

Mr. Adlai Stevenson, a candidate for the Democratic presidential nomination in the United States, proposes that his Government call off hydrogen bomb tests

Sunday, April 22

Mr. Bulganin and Mr. Khrushchev, after talks with the Prime Minister at Chequers, are received by the Queen at Windsor

30,000 men and women, imprisoned for political crimes, are released in Poland

Military agreement is concluded at Jeddah between Saudi Arabia, Egypt, and Yemen

Monday, April 23

Chancellor of Exchequer winds up Budget debate

Mr. Dulles speaks in Washington about the American view of Soviet tactics

National Coal Board announces big development scheme

Tuesday, April 24

Archbishop of Canterbury criticises Government's policy on Cyprus

Mr. Bulganin and Mr. Khrushchev visit Houses of Parliament

Cotton workers receive wage increase



Mr. Bulganin and Mr. Khrushchev, who are on a ten-day visit to this country, photographed with Sir Anthony Eden and Mr. Selwyn Lloyd, the British Foreign Secretary, when they called on the Prime Minister at 10 Downing Street on April 19. Sir Anthony is shaking hands with Mr. Khrushchev

The Russian of London year's Loro



The Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh at the Chew Valley reservoir in north Somerset which Her Majesty opened on April 17. Earlier the Queen had opened Bristol's new Council House (the city's administrative centre), the foundation stone of which was laid in 1935. Her journey to the heart of the city was made in the royal barge up the river Avon, following much of the route taken by Queen Elizabeth I, who made a state visit to Bristol in 1574



Luncheon given in their honour by the Corporation of the City of London on April 20. In the centre is Sir Seymour Howard, last President of the Corporation, and Alderman Cuthbert Ackroyd, the present Mayor, who is on a visit to New York



The scene in Whitehall last Sunday during a demonstration by thousands of East Europeans against the visit of the Russian leaders. Wreaths were laid on the cenotaph by General Anders, former Commander-in-Chief of the Free Polish Forces, and by a Ukrainian representative. Similar demonstrations were held in Leicester by Ukrainians from the Midlands



Wedding of Prince Rainier III of Monaco and Miss Grace Kelly took place in Monaco Cathedral on April 19: the bride and bridegroom at the altar



Mural paintings found in a newly-discovered catacomb on the outskirts of Rome during work out by the Vatican Archaeological Commission; above, Jesus with the woman of Samaria at the well; below, a fourth-century representation of a medical class



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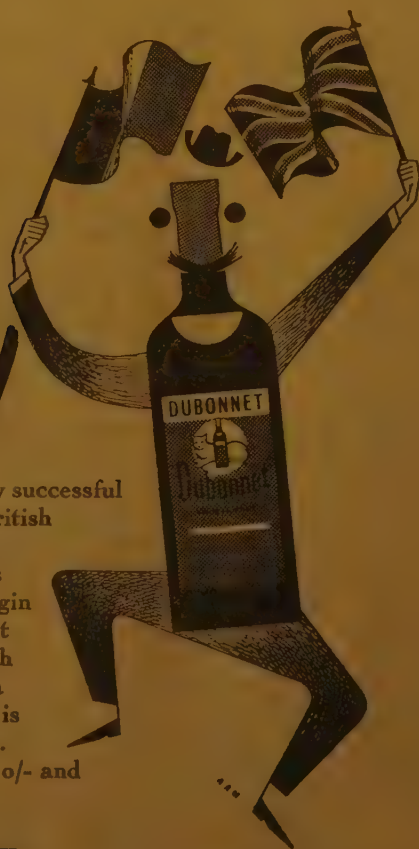
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Letters to the Editor

The Editor welcomes letters on broadcasting subjects or topics arising out of articles or talks printed in THE LISTENER but reserves the right to shorten letters for reasons of space

The Death Penalty

Sir,—If Mr. Koestler had limited himself, as he states in his letter (THE LISTENER, April 19), to quotations from and short comments on the Lord Chief Justice's speeches and evidence given to the Royal Commission, no one could have questioned the propriety of his *Reflections on Hanging*, but he did not do so. In referring to the judges (on page 46) he speaks of 'the attitude of this chain of Abominable Snowmen, from Coke to Stephen and beyond'. He then continues:

From Coke to Stephen and beyond, they all show the same curious trend of inhumanity because, though posing as experts, they knew little of human nature and the motives of crime. Victims of their professional deformity, ignorant of the forces of heredity and social environment, hostile to any social and psychological explanation, the criminal was for them nothing but a bundle of depravity, who cannot be redeemed and must be destroyed. Like all who believe in terror as the only protection of society, and have no faith in humanity they were frightened

Sir James Stephen died in 1894, so the words 'and beyond' must be understood to apply to the present-day judges; this is made clear by the fact that one of the judges cited is the late Mr. Justice Humphreys. As there are other similar comments in the book, it is difficult to understand why Mr. Koestler objects to my reference to 'his bitter attack on the judiciary'.

Mr. Koestler repeats (page 10) the apocryphal story that when Lord Goddard went to Marlborough he was, as a new boy, made to give a recitation in his dormitory, and that he chose the death sentence: 'You will be taken from here to a place of execution and hanged by the neck until you be dead'. It does not seem to me to be a legitimate form of 'public controversy' to quote gossip which is both prejudicial and irrelevant, especially in view of the long-established tradition that a judge is precluded from replying to a personal attack.

Mr. Koestler's letter has not persuaded me that I was wrong in suggesting in my review that his interesting book would have been more persuasive if his advocacy had been of a less fervid nature.—Yours, etc.,

Oxford A. L. GOODHART

Sir,—Mr. E. Gold's criticisms (THE LISTENER, April 19) of Sir Ernest Gower's use of the death penalty statistics are marked by the combination of scholarly precision and inaccuracy which distinguished his earlier letter on the subject (see THE LISTENER, February 9, and my reply THE LISTENER, February 16). For the most part, Mr. Gold has merely returned to the charge, but his new observations on the comparative figures for murder in Queensland, New Zealand, and New South Wales from 1900 to 1948 are sufficiently misleading to deserve further comment.

(1) In his earlier letter, Mr. Gold stated that for the twenty-one years from 1918 to 1939 there were 'well over a thousand murders' in New South Wales; in fact there were precisely 475 murders in this period (see Royal Commission's Minutes of Evidence, page 688). Presumably it is this extraordinary mistake which has now led Mr. Gold to say, as if it were relevant to the issue, that the graph for these three states 'conceals the fact that the murder rate in the abeyance and abolition state, Queensland,

was nearly double that in the death-penalty state, New South Wales, until the latter became, first partially and then completely, an 'abeyance state', and then to add that these (and other) facts are 'against the questioned conclusion' that homicide rates must be conditioned by factors other than the death penalty or the conclusion that it is not a superior deterrent. A glance at Table 46 of the Royal Commission's Report will show that while the murder rate for New South Wales for the five decades from 1900 to 1949 varied only between nine and eleven per million of population, for the last three decades of this period the Queensland rates were 18.4, 14.0 and 17.0 per million, having previously been considerably higher. So the reason why the murder rate in Queensland ceased to be double that of New South Wales when the latter became (on Mr. Gold's interpretation) an abeyance state is that while the New South Wales rate remained constant, the Queensland rate fell from its previous level.

How can this be evidence against the conclusion that the death penalty is not a superior deterrent? Of course, if the Queensland rates had ceased to be nearly double the New South Wales rates because of an increase in the latter during the period of abeyance, this would have been some evidence against this conclusion. Perhaps Mr. Gold's earlier mistake as to the figures accounts for his arguing as if there had been such an increase.

(2) Mr. Gold says that in New Zealand there were two periods of abeyance—1925 to 1929, and 1935 to 1940, and each of these was followed by a substantial rise in the murder rate, but concedes that the later rise was owing, at least in part, to the war. It is not unreasonable to describe the period, 1935 to 1940, as abeyance since though there was a number of convictions in these years, there were no executions, and the penalty was abolished in 1941. But, as appears from Table 14 on page 342 of the Report, in the period 1925 to 1929 when there were no executions there were no convictions for murder in the first three years, and only one conviction in each of the last two years. Surely this is not 'abeyance': where there are no convictions no penalty of any form is inflicted and a subsequent rise in the murder rate cannot be attributed to the non-infliction of a specific form of penalty. Such a rise cannot therefore be a fact 'against the questioned conclusion' that the death penalty is not a superior deterrent.

Yours, etc.,
Oxford H. L. A. HART

Israel and the Arab States

Sir,—I would like to make the following observations on Mr. Salomon's and Mr. Pinner's letters, which appeared in THE LISTENER of April 5.

(1) I stated quite clearly in my talk that it was *Israel* which had 'acquired all the richest agricultural land which Palestine contained' and 'all the citrus groves half of which were owned by Arabs before 1948'. I did not mention the Jews of Palestine in this connection. Surely it is in any case obvious that they could not have owned all the citrus groves at a time when half of them were owned by Arabs?

(2) Mr. Salomon states that 6,000,000 acres of land were 'available' in Palestine. It is not quite clear from this whether he means cultivated or cultivable land. But in any case I suspect that

he has muddled up acres and dunums. Two million acres (8,000,000 dunums) of land were actually cultivated in Palestine. Estimates of the cultivable land varied, but none of them were much more than half as high as the figure he gives.

According to both British and Israeli official sources, the land cultivated by the Jews of Palestine was 400,000 acres not 300,000 acres, as Mr. Salomon affirms.

(3) In spite of his exaggerated emphasis in one context on the small proportion of land cultivated by the Jews of Palestine, Mr. Salomon does not hesitate in another to assert that they and they alone reclaimed Palestine from the 'waste' after 1919. This is quite absurd, if only because it is known that 1,600,000 acres were cultivated by the Arabs under the Mandate, as against 400,000 acres by the Jews; whilst half the citrus groves of Palestine (which were the country's greatest source of agricultural wealth) were owned by Arabs, who farmed them just as well as the Jews.

(4) Most of the Palestinian Arabs were peasants. The average income of the Arab rural population was estimated by a Jewish expert to be £7 a head, as against £34 a head for the Jewish rural population. Their standard of living was very low and they lived on farms which were too small to guarantee what Jewish experts considered to be a subsistence minimum.

(5) I would be interested to know on what authority Mr. Salomon and Mr. Pinner base their fantastic assertions that Arab was almost as great as Jewish immigration into Palestine under the Mandate, and that hundreds of thousands of Arabs from other countries entered it in the last ten years of the Mandate?

(6) As regards the displacement of the Arabs, anyone who has seen the ruins of the Arab quarters of Acre, Safad, or Tiberias cannot accept the thesis that the Arabs all left of their own accord. The plain truth is that where they could fight they did; where the civilian population found itself in a battle zone, and could flee, it fled, as most civilian populations do in wartime.

(7) Of 900,000 rations distributed by Unrra to Arab refugees, Mr. Pinner says that 'a quarter of a million' are 'likely' to be drawn by 'people who have never lived within Israel's boundaries'; and that 'many' others are 'it is beyond dispute' drawn by 'ghosts'.

The purpose of these indecisive statistical conjectures appears to be to secure assent to a similarly indecisive figure of 600,000-625,000, which Mr. Pinner proposes as the number of refugees, not of today, but of eight years ago. Mr. Pinner derives this figure as a speculative residue distilled from a somewhat artificial and incomplete amalgamation of three figures given in my talk, with some further hypothetical figures of his own which are flatly contradicted by Israeli as well as British official sources. He says that there were 750,000 Jews in what is now Israel in 1947. According to British official sources there were 614,239 Jews in the whole of Palestine in 1947. According to Israeli official sources there were 649,633 Jews in Israel on May 15, 1948. He says he thinks that the natural increase of the population of Israel 1947-1955 was 75,000. According to Israeli official sources the natural increase of the Jewish population alone from May 1948 to the end of 1954, was 189,752. In 1954 the rate was said to be 35,000 a year. This would bring the figure at



FOOD FOR THOUGHT

By PODALIRIUS

My old father, Aesculapius, liked the best of everything: "And the best's poor enough," he used to say. I sometimes think he got this motto from the human brain.

Packed away in a comfortable stronghold, cushioned by a water-jacket, the brain demands—and usually gets—perfect service from the rest of the body. A shocking food-faddist, it lives very largely on one particular form of sugar—glucose—and being an improvident house-keeper it never has enough glucose in reserve to last it as much as a minute. "Let the servants look after that kind of thing," it says in its old-fashioned way; and the servants—the digestive tract, the liver, the pancreas and the blood—do look after it. Even when the other organs (which are equally fond of glucose) are starving, the brain is not impressed: it devours all the glucose going, leaving the rest of the body to manage as best it can.

The brain does just condescend, however, to break the glucose down into forms which its own cells find acceptable, and even goes so far as to provide its own enzymes, or digestive ferments, for the purpose. Glucose breakdown, my biochemical colleagues tell me, entails some fourteen different chemical reactions; and if this chain of reactions is interrupted at any stage, the brain (and incidentally its owner) is apt to display a change in behaviour.

All sorts of things can interrupt the chain—anaesthetics, some drugs, alcohol and car-exhaust gas, to name only a few. The effects of some of these—ranging from hilarity to slumber—will be familiar to you. Others—like car-exhaust gas taken without due moderation—can lead to serious mental disorder. In fact it is beginning to look as though mental illnesses may often be due to some hitch in the brain's method of dealing with sugar. This recalls another disease—a bodily disease—caused by a hitch in the use of sugar, namely, diabetes. We doctors know all about the chemistry of that hitch, and in time we shall understand the chemistry of similar hitches in the brain. It may then turn out that madness has fewer affinities with the diabolic (as was once thought) than with the diabetic.

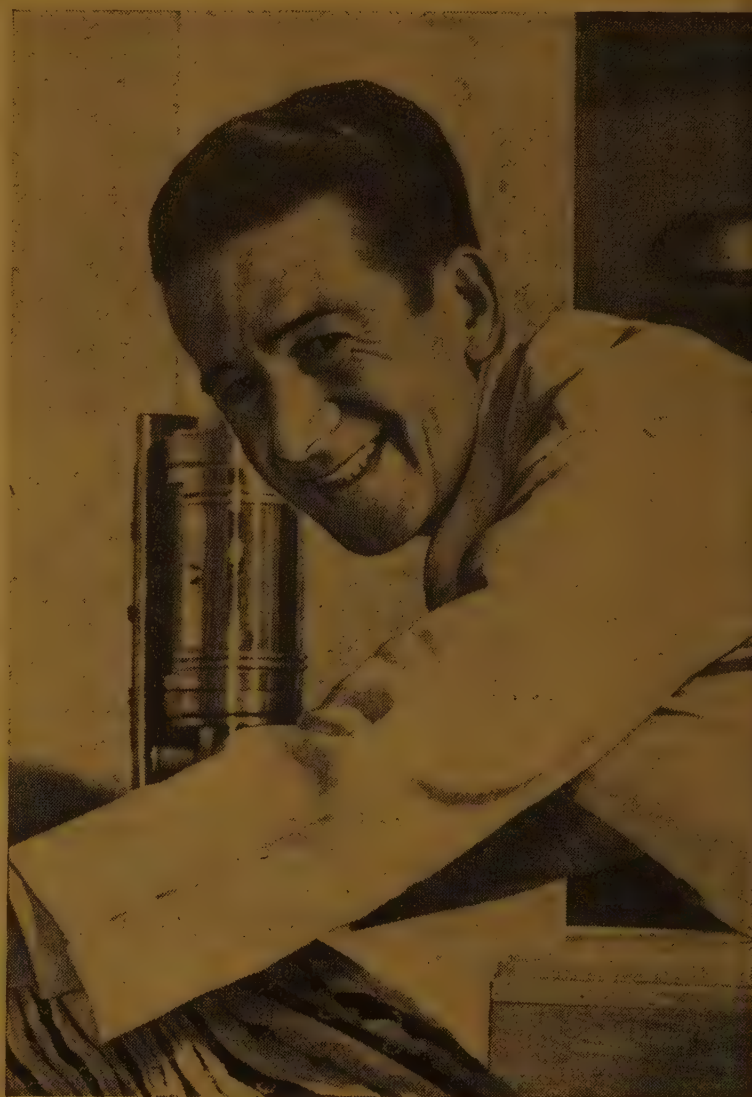
And here's another interesting thing (on which that old Cyclops at the foot of this column will doubtless pounce like a tiger): people suffering from a severe deficiency of the B-group vitamins (pellagra patients, for instance, and chronic alcoholics) are apt to become mentally disturbed. This may be, the biochemists think, because one or more of the B-vitamins is chemically related—or possibly even identical—with certain of the enzymes used in glucose breakdown by the brain. Hence these vitamins, by ministering to the brain cells at their monotonous and never-ending meal, may be helping us to keep our wits about us.

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CYRIL GILKES, Cabin Steward aboard the P & O Ship, HIMALAYA

"Honestly, darling. I don't know what we'd have done without him. Positively my ideal butler, valet and lady's maid all rolled into one. He listened to every word I said—and never gave advice unless I asked for it. And all through the hot weather in the tropics he knew just when we felt like cooling drinks. When we gave a party to celebrate our wedding anniversary he organised the whole thing for us—quite the best party we've ever given.

He was a magician with one's clothes—cleaned one's shoes before they were hardly off one's feet, and you should have seen the creases he put in Charles' trousers. And at Bombay, he told us about the most marvellous little place . . ."

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A COMMONWEALTH LIFELINE

the end of 1955 to 224,752. If 150,000 Palestinian Arabs eventually remained in Israel, as Mr. Pinner says, there has also been an increase since May 1948 of about 40,000 in the Arab population of Israel, since the non-Jewish population of Israel is now said to number over 190,000. There were 35,394 more Jews in Israel in May 1948 than there were in the whole of Palestine in 1947. Without making allowance for the fact that all the Jews were not in the Israeli part of Palestine in 1947, whilst the greater part of the increase in the Jewish population January to May 1948 must be accounted for by new immigrants who *did* come there, nor for the natural increase of the non-Jewish population of what is now Israel, January to May 1948, Mr. Pinner will find if he re-does his calculations on this basis that it will bring the number of refugees from Israel to over 800,000 in 1948, without natural increase. With natural increase (generally estimated as about 200,000) it would in 1955 be over one million.

(8) I said in my talk that the United Nations, not Britain alone, as Mr. Pinner asserts, are ultimately responsible for the whole situation, and I maintain that this is so. If responsibility means anything it means responsibility for implementing declared resolutions of policy. In May 1948 the United Nations passed a resolution allotting 55 per cent. of the territory of Palestine to the Jews and 45 per cent. to the Arabs. In December 1948 they passed another resolution saying that the refugees should be repatriated if they wished to be, and, if not, compensated for the loss of their property. These resolutions have never been revoked. It is therefore still the responsibility of the United Nations to implement them.

(9) Mr. Pinner says that 350,000 Jewish homes have been left vacant in Arab countries since 1948, and that some of the Palestinian refugees could go there. Apart from the question of cost he forgot that the Israelis are finding it difficult enough to turn their immigrant artisans and townfolk into peasants. The Arab states concerned, with infinitely smaller financial resources, trained staff, and basic administrative organisation, would find it even more difficult to turn their immigrant peasants into artisans and townfolk. This change would be necessary if they were to occupy the homes of the Arab Jews who have gone to Israel.—Yours, etc.,

Oxford SIBYL E. CROWE

In Search of a Canaanite City

Sir,—In Dr. Yadin's account of the excavations at Hazor (THE LISTENER, April 12) his mention of a jar-fragment bearing two signs of the Proto-Sinaitic alphabet could not fail to interest me deeply; nor could I refrain from much satisfaction at his acceptance of my theory that it was thence and so ultimately from the Egyptian hieroglyphs 'that were evolved the old Hebrew script and later the Latin alphabet'. Slowly, very slowly, but nevertheless surely, traces of this semi-pictorial mode of writing are creeping up in the direction of Byblos, whence it probably passed to Greece: Sinai, Lachish, Beth Shemesh, and now Hazor. My theory, of which a popular account will be found in the O.U.P.'s *Legacy of Egypt*, has had, and still has, formidable opponents, and there are real difficulties which I have never attempted to conceal. But I feel bound to comment on the illogicality of those scholars, and they are the majority, who admit my reading Baalat 'the female Baal', and yet have not seen that in accepting it they must also accept the reasoning upon which it was based. On this ground I feel reasonably confident that I can still claim to have been the discoverer of the origin of our alphabet.—Yours, etc.,

Oxford ALAN H. GARDINER

The German Novel Today

Sir,—On April 12 you published a talk by Gerald Ackerman on 'The German Novel Today'. Mr. Ackerman is evidently a very fluent and entertaining broadcaster, and there is no lack of pointed explanations and witty examples in his observations. The trouble is that he does not really deal with the German novel today. He writes a lot about Kurt Tucholsky and Stefan Zweig, both of whom unfortunately committed suicide long ago, when Hitler was at the height of his power. Moreover, neither Tucholsky nor Zweig were really novelists. Nor, incidentally, were Wolfgang Borchert and Felix Hartlaub, who are also discussed at some length. Many of Mr. Gerald Ackerman's statements are highly disputable. For instance, he says of Stefan Zweig:

Those with enthusiasm for Kafka and love for Thomas Mann read him; those who are bewildered by Kafka and will not put up with Mann read him.

This just does not happen to be so. Many readers who like neither Kafka nor Thomas Mann will not touch Zweig, while admirers of Kafka or (not *and*!) Thomas Mann more frequently than not will rather resort to detective thrillers for light entertainment than to an author whom they regard as literary *demi-monde*.

Nor does Mr. Ackerman do justice to Ernst Juenger, of whom he says:

He has never written an important book but has become important through the bulk of his writing.

The contrary is true; books like *Der Arbeiter*, *Strahlungen*, and perhaps most of all his immensely courageous *Auf den Marmorklippen* were very important events in recent German literature.

Even if Mr. Ackerman wanted to go only by popular success he might have looked at a list of best-sellers. *Der Fragebogen*, by Ernst von Salomon, is certainly deplorable, but undeniably typical of one school of thought in post-war Germany, hence its enormous success. Nor should *Die Stadt hinter dem Strom*, by Kasack, have been omitted, nor the very interesting novels of Elisabeth Langgasser, Werner, Richter, and Andres are successful novelists of the post-war German semi-reportage school. This school of writing was not mentioned, nor were Heinrich Böll or Ernst Kreuder mentioned. One could give numerous further examples of good and/or successful novels.

Finally, it may be noted that Anna Seghers in east Germany (mis-spelled in Mr. Ackerman's essay) although she has more or less dried up under the Communist regime of her own choice, has been rather successful with good novels written during the years of exile and not previously accessible to the German public. After all this, it is hardly surprising that Mr. Ackerman does not bother to say anything about the impact of Thomas Mann's recent novels on the German reading public.—Yours, etc.,

London, N.W.3 ERICH FRIED

The Myth of Soviet Culture

Sir,—I would disagree with Mr. Bilbin's thesis that the Soviet political system has produced no distinctive culture, but would agree with his appraisal of its products (THE LISTENER, April 5).

In language, surely, the Soviets *have* made one important, though regrettable, innovation: the use of compound 'bastard' words, consisting of several abbreviations. (Mr. Bilbin has used one, *Proletkult*.) These are confined mainly to commercial and political *Mimpishchprom*, The Ministry of Food; *Komsomol*, The League of Soviet Youth;

komchvanshoo, vain bluster on the part of an erring communist, etc.) and military terminology (*Politrub*, the modern word for a commissar; *artobstrel*, artillery barrage, etc.). But occasionally it invades the periphery of literature, e.g., the Moscow Arts' Theatre of Stanislavski and Nemirovich-Danchenko is referred to in speech as *Makhat* (from 'M.X.T.' or *Moskovskii Khudozhestvennyi Teatr*), and the State Literary Publishing House is called *Goslitizdat* or *Detgiz* for children's literature.

I deplore the barbaric tendency in Russian as much as in English (A.N.Z.A.C., N.A.T.O., S.E.A.T.O., Non-U, and the like), and it is redeemed only by Beachcomber's and Orwell's satire. No more Newspeak, please!

Yours, etc.,

Fife ERNEST V. LEE

'In Time of Trouble'

Sir,—I am sorry that, having been away, I have only now seen the delightful review of my book *In Time of Trouble* by my old friend Mr. Roger Fulford.

In return for so many kind words it would be niggardly on my part not to provide Mr. Fulford with some of those facts to which he seems to think myself insufficiently reverent. 'The brutal truth', says Mr. Fulford, 'is, that the reason for the attention paid to Mr. Cockburn' (at Printing House Square) 'was not so much on his own account as because he happened to suit an extremely ticklish chief, Sir Wilmott Lewis'.

The fact is, and it can very easily be verified, that 'the attention' to which Mr. Fulford refers occurred at least seven months before Sir Wilmott Lewis and I had so much as heard of one another. Mr. Fulford will be happy to correct his factual file in this detail and he may also wish to note that he is wrong in supposing that that very great journalist, Sir Wilmott Lewis, was not offered the Foreign Editorship of *The Times*.

The belief that anything which has not happened to a given reader is in some mysterious way 'incredible' leads Mr. Fulford into a rather smug doubt about the achievements of M. de Blowitz. Naturally, if anyone supposes that nothing but the totally humdrum really happens, one can only reply with that perhaps vulgar Americanism, 'Was you there, Charlie?'

Yours, etc.,

Youghal, Eire CLAUD COCKBURN

'Up Jenkins!'

Sir,—In his otherwise very flattering and understanding review Mr. Anthony Rhodes suggests that my novel, *Up Jenkins!*, is out of date because it takes Stalinism as its subject.

It was, however, my hope to have paid a modest tribute, not so much to Stalinism alone as to something of which Stalinism is only a particular example—the control techniques of Communist societies and public posturings of Communist leaders in general. If Mr. Rhodes supposes that these have sustained any loss of amusement value with the waving of the anti-Stalinist wand he is being extremely unjust; not so much to myself as to Messrs. Bulganin, Khrushchev and others who have been to a great deal of trouble to entertain us. Undaunted by the shadow of their great predecessor they have consistently purveyed an equally rich, ripe and (if I may say so) 'up-Jenkinsist' blend of public nonsense, having imparted to the original game not a few characteristic twists and ploys of their own.

But here is Mr. Rhodes trying to deny them all the credit, and this at a time when they are our honoured guests.

Yours, etc.,

Oxford RONALD HINGLEY

The Mystery of Flowering Plants

By T. M. HARRIS

PEOPLE began to study fossil plants scientifically soon after 1800. By 1850 they had learnt a great deal, and they already knew that they could trace the flowering plants back for a long way, and that then they suddenly ceased. Charles Darwin, writing at about this time, called the sudden development of the flowering plants an abominable mystery. Since then, many have tried to solve this mystery; we have sometimes thought the solution at hand but the mystery remains.

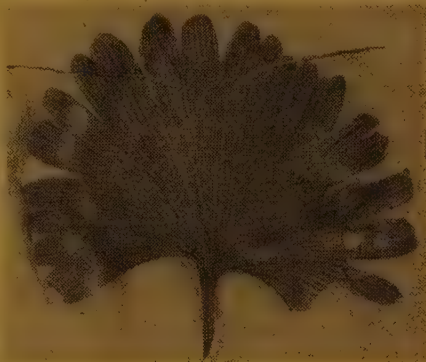
The earliest rocks known to us have no fossils at all, and these are followed by ones containing marine life, which continues unbroken. A good deal later we meet the first land plants, which are distantly allied to ferns. These continued, and after an interval they were gradually replaced as dominants by the primitive seed plants, the gymnosperms. Then, rather suddenly as it seems, the higher seed plants, the angiosperms, replaced them: one gymnosperm group alone, the conifers, has remained important but even they have lost ground. The change took place during a period when a warm sea was depositing the chalk over the surface of Britain; more technically during the middle of the Upper Cretaceous. It was a time of geological calm and when no drastic change happened to animals. We have, unfortunately, no fossil plants of this period in Britain, but there are plenty in some countries and the length of the change has been estimated by some to be only about 2,000,000 years, a small fraction of the Cretaceous period.

The United States is particularly rich in Middle and Upper Cretaceous fossil plants. Here in the lower and older layers you find nothing that looks like a flowering plant but only ferns and gymnosperms. Then, rather higher, gymnosperms occur mixed with flowering plants. Still higher, flowering plants predominate, and they have held their position for all the millions of years of the Tertiary period. This change seems to have occurred at about the same time in many regions—the United States, central Europe, west Greenland, New Zealand—that is, wherever we have good evidence.

The mystery is where they came from and why they burst forth everywhere in considerable variety. What we would have expected is gradual evolution from some gymnosperm family and a gradual rise to importance. It is because the facts are just the reverse that the mystery seems 'abominable'. People have tried to solve this problem in several ways. Pure thought has given us some rather beautiful theories of the nature and origin of flowering plants, theories which seem more akin to poetry than science.

Comparative Anatomy

Many have sought the answer through the close study of plants followed by their comparison: this is called comparative anatomy. There is no doubt the labour has been worth while, for it has taught us what plants *are*, but I think most botanists would agree that it has not succeeded in showing what they *were*. The comparative anatomists can produce a graded series of the form of an organ, say the fruit, but they cannot show convincingly which way evolution has passed along this series. The fossil botanists have looked in the rocks, and their reward has not been the answer they sought but a number of queer and unexpected kinds of plants, each a problem in itself. However, I think they have good reasons to continue hopefully. We have recently learned a great deal about the history of the ferns and of the conifers, and why not the flowering plants presently?



Drawing of a fossil Ginkgo leaf found in the Jurassic rocks of Yorkshire (i.e., about 160,000,000 years old)

As you go back in geological time you pass through a long period called the Tertiary, when the plants represented by fossils were nearly all flowering plants, just as they are today. This period was one of drastic changes alternating with long periods of geological quiet. At the end, there were the complicated alterations of climate which we call the Ice Age, and in about the middle there were the convulsions in the earth's crust that built the chief mountains—the Alps, the Himalayas, the Rocky Mountain backbone of America—and vast volcanoes poured out lava. These changes profoundly affected the distribution of plants but, curiously enough, do not seem to have played much part in their major evolution. On the contrary, plants seem more stable than the earth on which they live.

The first picture I will give is from near the beginning of the Tertiary period, from the London Clay which forms part of what geologists call the Eocene. In the Eocene, Britain was enjoying geological peace, and there is much evidence that our climate was very warm and perhaps tropical. Geography was entirely different, we formed part of the northern shore of a great ocean, called Tethys, extending away to the south-east across Europe and Asia. Local currents in Tethys deposited plant rubbish, especially seeds and bits of wood, at certain spots on the muddy sea bottom, and one of those is where Sheppey now stands, the small island in the mouth of the Thames. The soft mud became the London Clay, and the seeds were altered by their substance being filled and largely replaced by iron pyrites. They are hard black hunks, and, although not among the most attractive of fossil plants, much of their structure is still recognisable. Now and again the waves wash them out of the beach and throw them up with the shingle, and you can pick up a dozen in a day. You would be able to recognise them as seeds or fruits but what you would not be able to do is to identify them. None are present British plants, but they can be identified by careful comparison, part by part, with seeds of the world's modern plants. Some are unknown but most are securely placed in living genera though not in living species: a very small change in an estimated period of 50,000,000 years, more or less.

Eocene Sea-shore or Modern Malaya?

Now comes an astonishing fact: the genera that have been identified nearly all grow today in tropical south-east Asia—Malaya, for example—and many of them no nearer. It seems that if a botanist were transported to the Eocene sea-shore near Sheppey he might guess from the plants that he was in Malaya. He would certainly see much of the profusion of Malayan plant life, with dozens of families of dicotyledon trees and many monocotyledons, especially palms. There were ferns as there are today, but they would fit into corners rather than make the picture.

It does not, however, seem that the whole of flowering plant evolution had been achieved by this early date. Our transported botanist might presently find he missed a number of families which now grow in Malaya. This fact, that some families had already evolved in the London Clay flora and others apparently not, has been used recently in an interesting attempt to decide the direction of evolution within the flowering plants. This, however, is outside the scope of my talk. Clearly the existence of flowering plants in variety in the Eocene shows we must go earlier for their origin.

Before the Eocene we have the Cretaceous period, when nearly all Britain, and, indeed, north-west Europe, was submerged under the wide expanse of Tethys sea, and we know next to nothing of our land plants. However, there was land elsewhere, and fossil plants in plenty. In all these regions dicotyledonous trees dominated the forests in the Upper Cretaceous period. Most of the fossil leaves look modern, and have been identified with the figs, the planes, the willows, oaks, poplars, and many others. We are now more cautious in our identifications, but we still feel perfectly sure that they do belong to true flowering plants, and probably ones like those now living.

Before the floral revolution of the Cretaceous we have an enormously long period when plant life was apparently in stagnation: the Triassic, the Jurassic, and half or more of the Cretaceous. I will illustrate this



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vegetation of before the floral revolution by taking you back in time to the Lower Cretaceous, when Britain again stood above the Tethys Sea. The place will be near Hastings, and the rocks then formed are now the Sussex cliffs. A botanist miraculously transported to one of the swamps of that period would be in a very different position from the botanist taken to the Eocene, and made to guess where he was: on the contrary, he would know at once he was nowhere in the present world. He would know some of the plants, but their assemblage would be strange and many would be members of classes now extinct. The most familiar would be the ancestors of our northern pines, and they would be growing with the ancestors of the southern monkey-puzzles. There would be a good number of kinds of ginkgo trees. *Ginkgo biloba*, the beautiful maidenhair tree, is the last survivor of its race. It was luckily preserved in the temple gardens of China when the Chinese destroyed their lowland forests, and it has been reintroduced to Britain and proves a hardy tree, though a slow grower.

The herbs would all be ferns and club mosses, and in the water there would be reeds; these are not monocotyledons but large horsetails, a family of fern allies still with us but sadly diminished. None of these seem at all likely to be flowering plant ancestors; they were just fore-runners and competitors. Along with them are others which might be regarded as ancestors; the cycads, or sago palms, and more especially the Bennettitales, a great class of plants which, being entirely extinct, have no common name. There were other extinct forms too, and I shall mention one, the Caytonia plant. Not a single fossil leaf or seed among the thousands of specimens found so far in the Hastings cliffs suggests a dicotyledon or a monocotyledon.

There are just a few records of fossil angiosperms from before the Upper Cretaceous revolution, but, as you will see, they are a poor lot. Some come from the Jurassic, the period preceding the Cretaceous. One of these is just an obscure imprint in a shaly limestone from Stonefield in Oxfordshire. It looks like an apple-tree leaf, but no details are preserved, so there is really no more to be said. A better Jurassic leaf is one called *Furcula*, from east Greenland. It looks very like a willow leaf except that some specimens are forked and have two apices. It is reasonably plentiful and is well preserved, showing its microscopic structure. As I discovered it, I can decently run it down, and I would say this: such a leaf is not, by itself, good enough evidence to convince me that the plant bearing it was a flowering plant. All I ever claimed is that had I found it in the Tertiary I would have said it belonged to a flowering plant and nobody would have disagreed.

Then there are several lumps of petrified wood from a lower Cretaceous sandpit in Bedfordshire. They were found long ago, their fine structure was described fully and everyone agrees that they are from dicotyledonous trees. I do not, however, feel easy about their origin. It is so easy for old specimens to acquire wrong locality labels. We need to find more.

Recently a new and encouraging field has been opened, the study of fossil pollen from the older rocks. Pollen grains have many advantages as fossils; they are produced in millions and they blow about, and this means that they may be preserved

even if the tree providing them grew far from the place where preservation was occurring. Roughly speaking, preservation is possible only when leaves fall into water, and ordinary fossils therefore represent waterside plants almost exclusively. Pollen, however, blows in from miles away. It happens that most flowering plant pollen grains have well-marked furrows or pores and are distinguished from gymnosperm pollen grains which lack them. People have reported flowering plant-like pollen from several places in rocks of Jurassic age. I would mention the discovery of grains like those of the white water-lily from north-east Scotland. Grains of various other kinds have been discovered in Sweden and Germany.

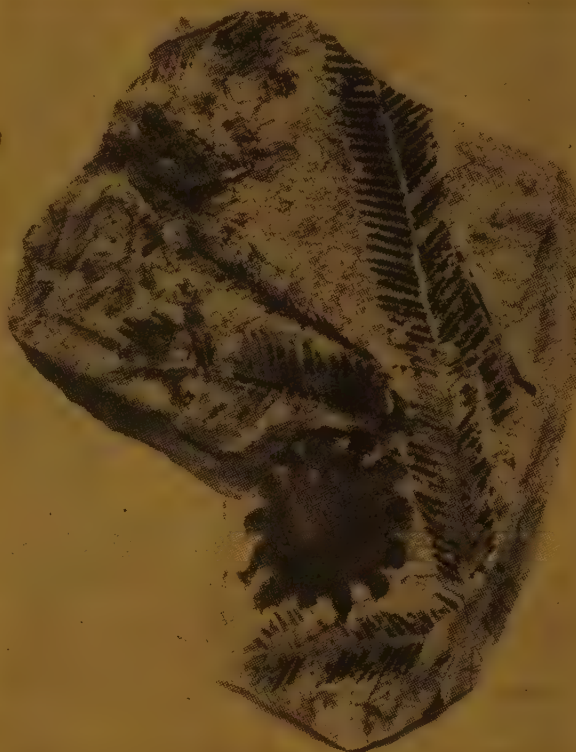
When these grains were first described a few years ago, I thought at last we have the answer. The flowering plants were present in variety, and widespread, but they were not being preserved as ordinary fossils because they did not grow in the right place. The Cretaceous floral revolution was a small one, I thought, the flowering plants just moved from the background—say, the dry hill sides—to the foreground, the river-side swamps. But I rejoiced too soon. The pollen grains have been examined by others who declare they are not flowering plant grains at all, but just gymnosperm pollen and fern spores.

Many fossil botanists have sought the origin of the flowering plants in the known plants of the Mesozoic. The Bennettitales are particularly favoured because their reproductive organs are so flower-like that everyone calls them flowers, although the seeds are as naked as in any gymnosperm. These Bennettitales are varied. Some of the first discovered, from the Isle of Wight, have short, thick stems like dumpy palms, but the older and less specialised members were ordinary, branched trees. Their leaves tended to look like something between a palm leaf and an ash-tree leaf. Their flowers were large, and some, such as the *Williamsonias* you find in the Whitby cliffs, were as big as sunflowers and look rather like them. There was a central disc surrounded by stiff rays, but alas, we have no idea of their colour. They have been studied with the utmost care and this has been their undoing for one difference after another from true flowering plants has emerged, and

the differences seem basic while the points of agreement seem superficial. The part that houses the seeds is entirely different from a flowering plant ovary though it gave the young seeds rather similar protection. Thirty years ago most fossil botanists felt that the Bennettitales were the ancestral stock, or at least close cousins, and that we would presently understand the differences. Nowadays we think they are a different stock which evolved a flower in their own way.

It is much the same with the *Caytonia* plant. This is widespread throughout the Mesozoic world and was first discovered in Cayton Bay near Scarborough, in Jurassic rocks. Its fruit was rather like a bunch of blackcurrants (and, incidentally, we know that some small animal fed on them—we find its droppings with the chewed remains of seeds). These little fruits are effectively closed, and at first looked most promising as an ancestral flowering plant ovary. Again, further work revealed differences after difference, and I doubt if many people see in *Caytonia* even a remote cousin of the still unknown flowering plant ancestor. It is rather regarded as a plant of a different stock from the angiosperm which has experimented in a closed ovary. What we have is not a flowering plant ancestor, but a remarkable and unsuspected kind of plant.

The future may well bring success. A large fraction of the search for flowering plant ancestors has so far been among British fossils; they are not exhausted, but the fossils from the rest of the world are much less known. Already we know of a number of odd-looking fruits from the southern hemisphere which we do not yet understand at all because we have not the information. Very likely they will not prove to be flowering plant ancestors, but I am sure their study will give their investigators hard work and an interesting time.—*Third Programme*

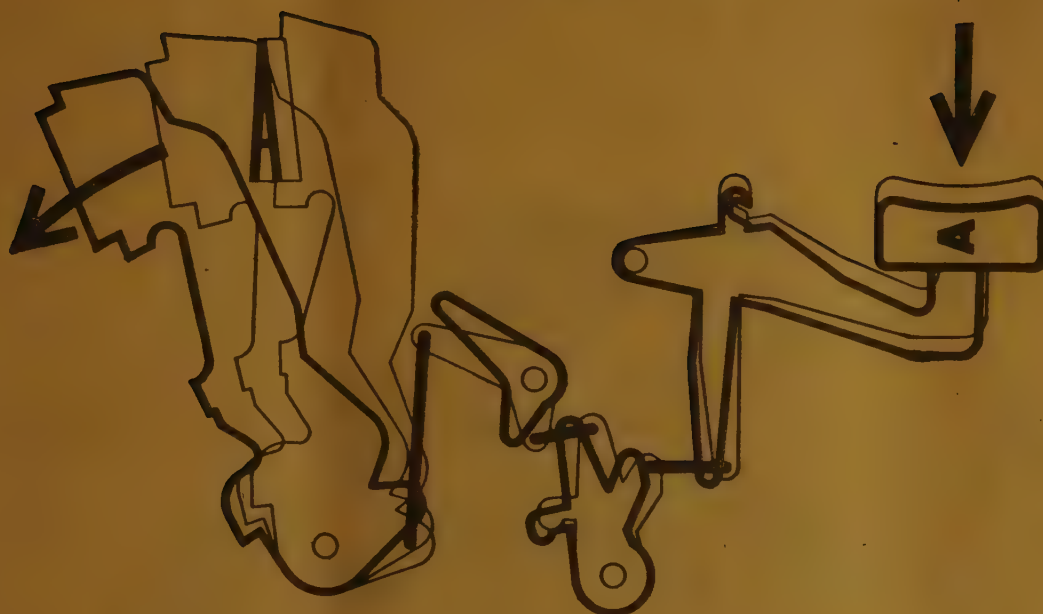


A piece of shale from the Jurassic rocks of Yorkshire, showing a fossil *Williamsonsia* 'flower' (bottom left) and fronds



Restoration of an almost mature male *Williamsonsia* 'flower'

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Art

Old London Churches

By ALEC CLIFTON-TAYLOR

THE season is approaching when a great many people will be presenting themselves for examination.* The answers to all the following questions are to be found in a new book which has just appeared on the subject of London's churches*: but how many of us, I wonder, would be able to score even a pass? (1) What City rector kept a small zoo in his churchyard? (2) When and where did thirteen typewriters tumble through a vestry

amply planned book there is a good deal of it, but it is of course only the garnishing. Mr. and Mrs. Young have plenty of more solid fare to offer. They provide a short historical account of every London church, except St. Paul's and Westminster Abbey, built before 1830 and still standing, and of many others besides, including Roman Catholic churches, Dissenters' chapels, and Jewish synagogues. Not every Londoner will be familiar with the charming little building in the

right-hand illustration: it is the former chapel, and since 1877 the only surviving part, of the original Boone's almshouses at Lewisham, built in 1683.

Rather more than half the book is devoted to the twenty-seven boroughs; about a third to the City of London; the rest to Westminster and to an excellent introduction. The other illustration is of a familiar little friend from the City, St. Ethelburga's, Bishopsgate, which is now, as the authors say, 'sandwiched between two enormous office buildings like the ham in a railway bun'. It is of the fifteenth century, with an eighteenth-century top-knot. Until 1933 the lower part of the west wall was masked by tiny shops.

The authors pay a handsome and deserved tribute to 'the two indispensable modern books on London', Mr. Summerson's *Georgian London* and Dr. Pevsner's *London excluding the Cities of London and Westminster* (the volume dealing with the

two latter is due shortly); but this book is far from being a refash. Here, in fact, are two new writers on architecture who show a thorough understanding of the art: and their book abounds alike in lively and unconventional descriptions (one exterior in Islington 'looks like a cow getting up'!) and in excellent aesthetic criticism. Though much addicted to the word 'dull', dullness is fortunately the last quality they show.

The favourite architect of Elizabeth and Wayland Young, in the context of the London churches, is undoubtedly Hawksmoor, in whose churches 'one is not aware of the parishioners, nor very much of the Church of England: they are heroic, monumental, and unconstricted, ... the most purely architectural of all London's churches'. I agree, especially as Archer's lovely church of St. Paul's, Deptford, also comes in for the highest praise. The authors do not much care for St. Martin-in-the-Fields, and so cross are they about the 'tower riding on the roof' that they spare no kind word even for the steeple design, which seems ungrateful. They are at fault in saying that there is no colour in the little-visited chapel of Trinity Hospital at Greenwich: there is quite good sixteenth-century Flemish glass in the east window, including, in the central light, a Crucifixion set against a landscape. No hint is given that Pugin's Roman Catholic cathedral in Southwark was severely damaged in the last war.

But how little there is to criticise, how much to enjoy and admire. This book is not cheap, but it is well produced and has sixty-four pages of excellently chosen plates. It is thoroughly reliable, and it will give keen pleasure.



Two London miniatures: left, St. Ethelburga the Virgin within Bishopsgate, City (basically fifteenth century); right, Boone's Chapel, Lewisham (seventeenth century)

From 'Old London Churches'

roof? (3) Which statue in a London church is presented annually with a new quill pen by the Lord Mayor? (4) Where were the bones of Mrs. Abigail Vaughan, who left 4s. a year to buy faggots for the burning of heretics? (5) At which church was a smokers' gallery proposed, to attract congregations? (6) Where were the pews heightened, to prevent ogling? (7) A famous City church is dedicated (perhaps in an outburst of hopefulness) to a saint who once changed well-water into wine. Which? (8) Where did they find a tiny coffin containing the skeleton of a bird? (9) 'Dancing on the Dead. Admission, 3d. None admitted without shoes and stockings'. Where could this notice be seen? (10) Where was there an epitaph to a sailor, ending

He now at Anchor lies, amidst the fleet
Awaiting orders—Admiral Christ to meet?

It would be unkind to withhold the answers, so here they are: (1) William Rogers, rector of St. Botolph's, Bishopsgate, 1863-96; (2) at All Hallows on the Wall, during an air-raid; (3) John Stow, the Elizabethan antiquary, in St. Andrew Undershaft, Leadenhall St.; (4) in St. Martin Outwich, Bishopsgate, destr. 1874; (5) at St. James's, Bermondsey, in 1919; (6) at the Chapel Royal in St. James's Palace, in 1700; (7) St. Bride's; (8) at St. James's, Piccadilly, in the organ; (9) at the Enon Chapel, Clement's Lane, Strand, after it had been closed in 1847 and turned into a dance hall; (10) at St. Mary's, Bromley-by-Bow (1788).

Such anecdotal information can be very entertaining, and in this

The Listener's Book Chronicle

A History of the English-speaking Peoples. Vol. I: The Birth of Britain By Winston S. Churchill.

Cassell. 30s.

THIS CAREFULLY WROUGHT and well printed volume is the prelude to a historical survey in which Sir Winston Churchill 'aims to present a personal view on the processes whereby English-speaking peoples throughout the world have achieved their distinctive position and character'. He hopes that contemplation of the trials and tribulations of our forefathers may not only fortify those peoples today but play some small part in uniting the whole world.

In 1939 he had to lay aside what he had already written. He feels that in the interval the 'theme has grown in strength and reality and human thought is broadened'. Sir Winston is making a literary contribution to a noble end which he has sought, with increasing insight and determination, in his intensely active life.

This first volume ends in the year 1485 on Bosworth Field some seven years before Columbus landed in the Americas. It begins with a brief survey of the early populations of our island and the invasions of Julius Caesar, and from first to last the narrative is fresh, vigorous, rapid, and remarkably well sustained. His reader soon realises what Sir Winston means by a 'personal view'. He has no desire to compete with the 'deep-delving' historians. He writes of the matters which interest him. Sir Winston has too much to tell and thoroughly enjoys the telling of it, and what he has to tell arouses too many instant reflections, recognitions, and even memories to encourage him to wander. He rarely describes an institution or the functions of a minister or official. He admits a chapter on the English common law, and a very interesting chapter it is; he could not do less, for the settlement of law in these early centuries formed a mould and a tradition 'which in the mass govern the English-speaking peoples today'.

He admits this chapter, but elsewhere he likes to add weight to his narrative and to put himself on familiar terms with his readers by a flow of comment, from the grim to the gay. The parliamentarian and leader of men seems to recognise old acquaintances everywhere, even in the iron age. He had hailed Cassivellaunus before the Battle of Britain: he writes, 'Little is known of Cassivellaunus, and we can only hope that later defenders of the Island will be equally successful and that their measures will be as well suited to the needs of the time'. He feels sympathy with the defenders of an honourable cause, as a good soldier should. He sees their crimes and misfortunes in perspective. The massacres ordered by Boadicea are probably, he thinks, the 'most horrible episode which our Island has known', but he adds: 'still it is the primary right of men to die and kill for the land they live in, and to punish with exceptional severity the members of their own race who have warmed their hands at the invader's hearth'. In these earlier pages, indeed, Sir Winston allows fuller scope to the historical imagination than he can later. One of his highest flights is a comparison of what a native of Chester in Roman Britain would find if he woke up today with what was familiar to him. This is followed by two pages of farewell to the Roman Empire (pages 34-6).

Sir Winston wishes to be fair and on the whole succeeds. Vestiges of prejudice in him are traditional rather than personal, with sufficient truth in them to keep them alive. He is not altogether at his ease with popes and clerics, and is inclined to lump the leading landholders to-

gether as heavy-footed barons treading down the under-dog. Yet he is fair, inevitably of course to King Alfred (page 92) and to Joan of Arc (page 332)—'all soldiers should read her story'—but also to others not so obviously worthy of appreciation. He writes some notable pages on Richard II. The last fifty pages of this volume contain a remarkable 'appreciation' of the Wars of the Roses, a deliberate performance intended to do dramatic justice to a period so often disparaged. The story has never been told better than in this exciting narrative.

By this time the island story has become more insular, with backgrounds less spacious than they were. Sir Winston, one is inclined to think, did not intend this to happen. He had emphatically connected the institutional developments of the Anglo-Saxon age with the birth of a positive individuality in England, embodied in principles which have a democratic flavour. This was the England which was to survive the onslaughts and reject the example of neighbouring empires. Although he treats the growth of parliament with exemplary restraint, he regards it as the most significant development of the age of which he treats, if only as 'an apprehensive registrar' of results rather than as a powerful agent in political change (cf. page 310). But the English parliament was also one expression of the wider life with which the Island was so closely joined after the Conqueror's time, a world in which 'one general theme of conduct and law united the triumphant martial classes upon a plane far above race' (page 140). Of thirteenth-century England, Sir Winston writes: 'Almost all the capital decisions which are demanded by the modern world were rife in this medieval society' (page 203). It is to be wished that he had drawn out the implications of this and other statements.

Naught for Your Comfort. By Trevor Huddleston. Collins. 12s. 6d.

Everyone who follows political affairs in Africa knows the kind of legislation that puts into effect the philosophy of *apartheid*. Some even know that most of it goes back twenty years or more to another policy which was then called segregation, and that only the last turns of the screw were left for the Nationalist Party.

Father Huddleston, in his twelve years in Johannesburg, has seen what it means in human terms and to the people on whom it bears most hardly—the African town-dwellers who have no right to be where, for the convenience of their employers as well as through the irresistible pressure of economic circumstances, they actually are. The amount of time spent by the police on criminal proceedings against Africans who have done nothing worse than forget the pass authorising them to be in the town is in all the text-books. Father Huddleston knows the Africans and the policemen—the young priest brought to him in handcuffs to be bailed out, the older African who died after a night in the cells, not, of course, as was alleged, because somebody kicked him in the stomach. The clearance of Johannesburg's 'black spots' was the removal of his neighbours from the one part of any South African city where Africans lived, not in a mere location, but in a community that had grown up on the basis of permanency provided by freehold house sites. The withholding of passports prevents his best pupils from going abroad for further education. Some of the *tsotsis* may be boys whose parents begged him to find a place for them in schools already full to bursting.

Father Huddleston has never lacked the courage to protest, and from time to time, in relatively small matters, his protests, given publicity by the Johannesburg *Star*, have had some effect. But he believes that it will take forces outside South Africa to overcome the complacent indifference of the Europeans there to the fate of Africans whom they see solely as servants and judge solely by their performance of that role. Nothing less than the Christian conscience of the world can prevail against it. He repudiates an interpretation of Christian charity which would require him to be as tolerant of oppression as of its victims. And he asks one very pertinent question which must be answered by others as well as his fellow-Christians: 'What price Commonwealth citizenship?'

Lincoln the President. Vol. IV: The Last Full Measure. By J. G. Randall and Richard N. Current.

Eyre and Spottiswoode. 45s.

James G. Randall, the deservedly famous Lincoln scholar, died in 1953, when he had completed half of his fourth and final volume on Lincoln's presidency. The book has been finished by Professor Current, the author of a biography of the Radical Republican, Thaddeus Stevens. As Professor Current says, his task was delicate and difficult. But he has accomplished it with remarkable success; his own contribution, while valuable in its own right, is also a clever simulation of the approach (and even the style) of Randall. This approach, as students of previous volumes will know, is leisurely and discursive, not at all like the orthodox narrative biography in which the subject always holds the centre of the stage. Randall moves from topic to topic, arranging them in loose chronological order. Sometimes Lincoln dominates a chapter; sometimes he is merely one among many actors. There is no doubt that Randall reveres Lincoln. But this does not prevent him from dwelling upon the criticisms that were made of Lincoln, nor from giving due credit to Lincoln's associates—Edwin Stanton, for example.

In the present volume the story is carried from the end of 1863 to the day of Lincoln's assassination in April 1865. The topics covered include Lincoln's handling of Reconstruction (both authors agree that if he had lived he would probably have run into much the same troubles as Andrew Johnson, though possibly with less disastrous consequences); his treatment by the press (usually hostile); his foreign policy (in practice largely the policy of his secretary of state, Seward, since Lincoln 'had comparatively little to do with international affairs'); the presidential campaigns of 1864 (with some attention to the abortive endeavours of Chase and Frémont); the manoeuvres involved in the passage through Congress of the Thirteenth (anti-slavery) Amendment; and the closing stages of the war. Not much is said about the fighting fronts; most of the battles are wordy ones in Washington. But, then, the military aspects of the American Civil War have been dealt with abundantly elsewhere. This book is right to concentrate upon the home front as it affected Lincoln's administration. It is an excellent work, learned, lucid, well illustrated with cartoons and photographs, and amply documented (it has an admirable bibliography). And though—unlike Carl Sandburg's long biography of Lincoln—it does not go in for set-piece splendours, it is in its way quite as moving.

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The Bridgeburn Days

By Lucy Sinclair. Gollancz. 16s.

This account of a girl's life in a Poor Law Home from 1920 onwards will make many readers ask the question whether any redeeming features can be discovered. One reader has found only two. The children lived in a number of small houses and not in a single barrack-like institution, where nothing like home life could ever be possible. Secondly, there are no serious complaints that the food was inadequate. But apart from these important factors, the tale is one of inhumanity, brutality, and of a complete lack of understanding of the fundamental needs of children neglected and probably unwanted by their parents.

Kitty, the central character of the book, was sent to this Home when she was nearly five. She knew nothing about her parents and in this respect was different from most of the girls. At the stage the rumour went round that she was born in a ship and Kitty clutched at that idea, at least it gave an element of adventure to her origin. But the rumour was probably unfounded.

Some of the houses were occupied by boys, similarly unfortunate, and all the children went to the village school for their more formal education. No attempts were made by the authorities to find out if any of the children had any talents or abilities that could be developed in their lives after leaving the Home. All the boys were sent to farm work and all the girls to domestic service. Members of the Board of Guardians inspected the Home once in every month 'and for their benefit the whole place was given an extra scrub and polish', though the general condition of the Home was at least clean. Kitty writes well about these monthly inspections:

With a pomp that would have done credit to kings they went round all the cottages to fulfil their duty of seeing that everything was well... They were very good and very dreary, chiefly men wearing the dark, dull clothes that men wear, and a few ladies, mostly old, who expected little girls to be oh, so good, like people who had lived a long long time and as a natural consequence had overcome all their inborn wickedness.

The general atmosphere in the Home was one of suppression, of ruling by terror, and corporal punishment for both boys and girls was the main method of correction. The older girls were allowed to beat the younger ones and apparently did so frequently and, as usually happens, found much satisfaction and relief in doing so. Relief from what? From their own suppression and the fear-full life they led. 'Kind words were as rare as jewels' in this Home. The only thing that Kitty was sure of 'was that happiness was not for them. At least, not the kind of happiness that folk outside the place enjoyed... Work and punishment was the doctrine preached at Bridgeburn with the workhouse for those who failed'. The consequence was that the girls

became hard and bitter. Kitty saw that she had grown hard and that hardness 'was the foundation of her character'. 'Because we don't matter to anybody we are not entitled to justice. Oh no, we just have to accept things as they are'. The Matron and House-Mother, who did not get on well together, did nothing to improve the atmosphere of the Home.

So when Kitty goes into domestic service she accepts the facts that her wages, living in, were eight shillings a week and that no holidays were given her for two years. Yet she was happy with her mistress. Her account of this period in her life makes one reader hope that this book will have a sequel, since something must have happened that would be interesting between the domestic drudge of these first years in service and the time when Kitty was able to write this book. There is no introduction to the book, so readers learn nothing of this metamorphosis.

Eros and Civilization: a Philosophical Inquiry into Freud

By Herbert Marcuse.

Routledge and Kegan Paul. 25s.

When he was a young man, Freud confessed in a letter to Wilhelm Fliess, the one thing he desired was philosophical knowledge; he had become a therapist and a scientist against his will. In his youth he found speculation more congenial than observation and analysis; and in his maturity and old age he occasionally indulged himself in speculative writings, as a metapsychological elaboration of the theory of psycho-analysis which is his enduring monument. For most readers these speculative works—*Totem and Taboo*, *Moses and Monotheism*, *Civilisation and its Discontents*, *The Future of an Illusion*, and, in parts, *Beyond the Pleasure Principle*—add but little to the stature of the creator of what is probably the most influential theory of this century; many of his more doctrinaire followers deplore these deviations from the rigorous observations of the purely scientific works. It is curious, and not unenlightening, to come on a book which treats these works as the core of Freud's contribution to knowledge; for Dr. Marcuse, psycho-analysis is above all a series of statements about the nature of man and the nature of civilisation; it is these generalisations, not a technique of therapy nor a theory of psychological processes, which he analyses and defends, not without acerbity, against the 'neo-Freudian revisionists', above all the Washington school of psychiatry and Erich Fromm.

Although he has lived in the United States for nearly two decades, Dr. Marcuse appears to be a very representative example of the German school of philosophers who consider that the acme of human wisdom was reached by Hegel; other German philosophers (but, in modern times, practically no members of any other nation) such as Kant, Schiller, Nietzsche, and, in this context, Freud, have also made contributions; but it is the Hegelian dialectic (its materialist version is, perhaps prudently, never mentioned but casts its shadow) which is the key to the scriptures. Dr. Marcuse's personal view is that contemporary civilisation is utterly detestable, a state of total mobilisation with the worker totally alienated from his work, and all behaviour geared to the performance principle (rather than the gratification principle). Freud made repression the origin of civilisation (after the killing of the primal father), necessitated by *ananke* or scarcity; but now, when technological invention has potentially destroyed scarcity, we have 'surplus-repression' to maintain unnecessary authority. Can there not be a new type of civilisation, within the Freudian hypotheses, in which Eros rather than the reality principle will be the dominant force, in which

the worker will no longer be totally alienated and the distinction between work and play be minimised, when the archetypes will be Orpheus or Narcissus, rather than Prometheus or Oedipus?

This is entertaining as speculative idealism, but it has little connection with observation and is founded on false premises. Dr. Marcuse takes the typical condition of mankind to be work in a factory, in manufacturing; but in point of fact the vast majority of humanity is engaged in the extractive industries, agriculture, fishing, mining, and so on. Technology has lessened only slightly the hours or effort needed for these basic human callings; only a scholar working in a great metropolis could write:

The excuse of scarcity, which has justified institutionalised repression since its inception, weakens as man's knowledge and control over nature enhances the means for fulfilling human needs with a minimum of toil. The still prevailing impoverishment of vast areas of the world is no longer due chiefly to the poverty of human and natural resources but to the manner in which they are distributed and utilised.

Orthodox psycho-analysis has always had hidden in it a small portion of utopianism, with its ideal of the 'fully mature genital personality'. It is instructive to have all the potential utopianism in the system exposed, even though some of Dr. Marcuse's phantasies seem to depart quite radically from the ideas of the thinker on whose work he is building his commentary and exegesis.

New Readings in Shakespeare.

By C. J. Sisson.

Cambridge. 2 volumes: 45s. the set.

Books on the problems of editing Shakespeare are not for all markets, and Professor Sisson's new volumes will be enjoyed most by those who know most: without a knowledge of Elizabethan secretary handwriting there will be much to take on trust; without an appreciation of the relative merits of scholars such as Collier, Theobald, Sir Walter Greg, and Dr. Dover Wilson the finer points of the jousting will be lost; and without acquaintance with early manuscript plays, the evidence from *Believe As You List* will fail to carry its proper weight. More unfortunately, only the informed reader can appreciate the daring which has led Professor Sisson to defend, in two modestly sized volumes, his suggestions for the emendation and clarification of obscure passages in every one of Shakespeare's works. Many readers will know that it is necessary to discuss each individual crux in relationship to what can be deduced about the nature of the 'copy' from which it was originally printed, but comparatively few can know the chain of meticulous argument and informed guesswork which this involves for every play in the canon.

Clearly Professor Sisson has no space to elaborate such theories, and, as he readily admits, he has had to relegate such matters to 'the background' of his work. This means that he must suggest a new emendation in 'Anthony and Cleopatra' on the grounds that it was printed from 'foul papers' without supporting it with any other evidence that this was the nature of 'copy' used. He makes several suggestions for emending the first four plays in the 1623 Folio because he believes that hurriedly and strangely written manuscripts lie behind the printed texts, but he has no opportunity to relate these points to the orthodox view that they were printed from transcripts made by the careful scrivener, Ralph Crane. When there is more than one substantive text for a play, he is more severely handicapped; for example, in 'Othello', he is unable to strengthen his arguments by precise reference to the interrelation of the

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to and Folio texts. Again an uninformed reader cannot know how much Professor Sisson is asking by omitting—as the plan of his work is intended—to make any use of the knowledge which has been gained about the kinds of error which individual composers were prone to. But both informed and uninformed readers will appreciate the exercise of ingenuity in the selection of emendations, and of taste and common sense in the final choice of readings. Here Professor Sisson's volumes provide rich fare; his notes are written with a liveliness and candour which will be the envy of many humble commentators, and he brings to his task a long experience of scholarship and a long familiarity with the literature and records of Shakespeare's life. Not least among the attractions of such a book is the freedom with which any reader with good memory can join in the pursuit; one can quite why at this moment Professor Sisson is so fond of the sake of metre and at that refuses to do so, why here he rejects an emendation on geographical grounds and there proposes a different one in opposition to them. Sometimes one can bring further evidence to the bar; in 'Measure for Measure', for example, one may note for the retention of 'longing' at II. iv. 103, where one remembers a very similar usage in 'Julius and Cressida' (III. iii. 237), or for 'one' at I. ii. 188 because one remembers the use of a subjunctive in the Epilogue of 'As You Like It' (1. 15). *New Readings in Shakespeare* invites this kind of participation; it stimulates as much as it informs.

Selections from Samuel Johnson. 1709-1784. Edited by R. W. Chapman. The Achievement of Samuel Johnson By W. J. Bate.

Oxford. 15s. and 27s. 6d. respectively.

Just five years ago the Reynard Library began its series with a 'compendious' volume of Johnson's writings large enough to be called 'the best of Johnson'. It held nearly 1,000 large pages and included, in full, the Plan of the Dictionary, the Preface to *Shakespeare*, the Scottish Journey, with 134 pages from the *Rambler*, *Adventurer*, *Idler*, and copious selections from *Lives of the Poets*. The job could hardly have been better done. It was no haphazard collection: everything of note seemed to be represented. Since the book was regarded as a 'supplement' to Boswell's nothing was chosen from Boswell's *Life*. No one is ever completely satisfied by a book of this kind. What might have been different? A plea might have been made for more about the Dictionary, including definitions, pages only from the overpraised *Life* of Johnson, printed in full, and most important, a selection from Johnson's pithy and inimitable letters that form a log of his life.

Dr. Chapman, who has given many years to the study of Johnson, has wisely not tried to make a book of this sort. He has compiled an anthology for the initiate that might be called, in Robert Bridges' masterly anthology in mind, an attempt to illustrate the Spirit of Johnson. The arrangement of the extracts is chronological and starts with the youthful verses of 1726, written when Johnson was about seventeen. 'Only the *Vanity of Human Wishes*', we are told, 'is given complete'. That must mean of larger pieces, for the Elegy on Levet and the *Song of Congratulation* are given in full. Citations are given of his moral essays, biographies, book of travels, political pamphlets, parliamentary reports, sermons, prayers, letters, and even his occasional Greek, Latin and French. It is the kind of work that only a man deeply versed in all Johnson's writings could have chosen.

Since Dr. Chapman is the editor of the latest edition of Johnson's letters it is perhaps not sur-

prising that his choice from these (ranging over the whole of Johnson's working life) is the backbone of his book. There are liberal extracts also from Boswell's *Life* not only to illustrate the devastating talk but to indicate the breadth and solidity of Johnson's interests. At times the anthologist's endeavour to record the range of his reading leads him to print paragraphs of small interest from obscure works, and the short extracts from *Irene* might as well be omitted. The Moral Essays are over-represented, but that, we are told, is due to the enthusiasm of Miss Mary Lascelles. Out of 450 comparatively small pages, 100 are given to selections from the *Rambler*, *Adventurer*, and *Idler*. The extracts chosen from *Rasselas* and the Scottish Journey whet the appetite, but no more. Perhaps that is part of Dr. Chapman's intention, to entice the reader to explore for himself.

Mr. Bate's book is, in a sense, an examination of the reasons that led to Johnson's eminence in the many fields illustrated by Dr. Chapman's anthology. In particular, by a close study of Johnson's life and its problems, his writings and their temper are critically related to his experience. The book's five chapters are, as the author says, hardly more than an expanded essay on the theme of Johnson's achievement, but though the book will bring little that is new to the specialist, not even its Freudian guesses, it provides an independent and thoughtful, if rather wandering, introduction for the general reader to a much-tried writer and most courageous human being. Particularly interesting is the chapter called 'The Hunger of Imagination' which discusses Johnson's obsession with the 'vacuity of life' in which few hours are filled with 'objects adequate to the mind of man' so that future and past must be pillaged for 'supplemental satisfactions'.

Coal is Our Life. By N. Dennis, F. Henriques, C. Slaughter. Eyre and Spottiswoode. 25s.

The best way to appreciate the strength and the weakness of this book is to remember that it is the product of sociological inquiry into the coal industry and the coal-mining community carried out in the West Riding over a period of two years by the three social scientists who are its authors, with the financial help of the Nuffield Foundation. The work of academic inquirers, it is detached, methodical and direct, going straight for what its authors regard, on the whole very properly, as the important matters—the miner at work, trade unionism, leisure, the family—and indulging little if at all in the current myth and legend, the sentiment, the gossip, and the party politics of the coal industry. The inquirers have produced a picture of the coal industry and the coal-mining town under nationalisation which is of permanent value, all the more so as they do not shun its unpleasant features.

It is difficult not to conclude, although the authors do not say so, that nationalisation is the least important thing that has happened in this industry. It is full employment, not nationalisation, which has done most to transform the industry and the coal-mining community, so far as they have changed at all in the last thirty years. There seems little doubt that the authors are on the right track in looking to the technical conditions of coal-getting, the use of leisure and the circumstances of family life for the conditions which most affect, through personal relations in the pit and the home, the happiness of the miner and his household. It is these circumstances also which have most bearing on the incentives of the industry. But when we ask, 'where do we go to from here?', two years of inquiry begin to appear, as one might expect, not enough for problems which

demand the intimate study of a lifetime. The coal-mining community appears here without a past or a future. Yet in its present phase it is clearly a society of an interim kind. The old patterns of working-class leadership, religious and political, seem to be exhausted and new ones have not yet been created. It would require familiar knowledge both of individuals and groups to say with certainty what are the possibilities in this situation. It is in its lack of historical depth and of projection into the future that this book does not quite measure up to the scale of its subject.

Last of the Curlews. By F. Bodsworth. Museum Press. 10s. 6d.

The Eskimo curlew is an American species rather smaller in size than the European whimbrel; it was formerly very abundant, and was remarkable for the immense distance covered in its annual migration. It bred on the barren grounds near the Arctic Circle in Canada and migrated for the winter to the pampas of South America, some individuals travelling as far as Patagonia. On the southern migration it travelled down the east of the United States and then over the sea to South America; the return journey was by way of the west coast of South America, Mexico, and across the prairies of North America. Huge flocks of the birds travelled slowly over the prairie, feeding as they went; they were tame and unsuspicious and were slaughtered in vast numbers by the Americans. The Eskimo curlew is now believed to be extinct.

This book is an imaginary story of the adventures of a cock Eskimo curlew, the last of his race. He spends a lonely breeding season in the Arctic, unable to find a mate, and joins a flock of golden plover for the migration to South America. Leaving them after reaching the coast he pushes on alone to Patagonia, and there he accidentally meets a hen, the first of his own species that he has seen since he was fledged. Together they start the long journey northwards, and after many vicissitudes follow a tractor-drawn plough at work on the prairie, to feed on the grubs and worms turned up in the furrows. The driver has a gun and shoots the hen; the cock continues his migration alone, and on arriving in the Arctic finds it as empty of his kind as when he left.

In the United States any moron with a shotgun in his hands is a hunter, and the immense flocks of Eskimo curlew that sometimes covered fifty acres of ground were just to his taste. 'Hunters would drive out from Omaha and shoot the birds without mercy until they had literally slaughtered a wagon load of them... Sometimes... their wagons were too quickly and easily filled, so whole loads of the birds would be dumped on the prairie, their bodies forming piles as large as a couple of tons of coal, where they would be allowed to rot while the hunters proceeded to refill their wagons with fresh victims'.

The author writes with imagination, and dramatises the adventures of his bird into an interesting narrative for the uncritical. But closer attention reveals numerous jarring inaccuracies—birds do not have 'tiny, rudimentary' brains, a tail wind does not 'make balance in flight difficult' nor interfere with 'the delicate reflex control of the broad outer wing feathers'. The semi-anthropomorphic treatment, too, by which the author attributes knowledge, thought, and emotions to his subject was good enough fifty years ago, but a more subtle handling of this type of theme is needed nowadays. The blurb on the jacket says this book 'may truly be compared with the writings of Jefferies, Hudson, and Seton-Thompson'. It may—much to its detriment. The volume is illustrated with very beautiful scraper-board drawings by T. M. Short.

CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

Weekly comments on B.B.C. programmes by independent contributors

Television Broadcasting

DOCUMENTARY

Personalities on View

RECKLESSLY PURSUING the cult of personality, B.B.C. television last week focused its intruding glare on Mr. Bulganin and Mr. Khrushchev, Sir Anthony Eden, Prince Rainier of Monaco and Grace Kelly, Harold Macmillan and Harold Wilson, and Lord and Lady Harewood. None of them obviously relished the experience and Mr. Khrushchev, at the Mansion House lunch, seemed a trifle irritated by it. Away down the scale of public interest were two people who might not have proved utterly resistant to an

for every performer and we viewers are becoming more sensitive to it.

The first part of the Russian visit, the landing and reception at Portsmouth, came to us only on news film; the arrival in London was the business of the outside broadcasting department, which showed its usual skill in fitting everything neatly on to our screens, from platform litter to what looked like a scuffle at the back of the crowd. We saw that a protective empty train had been drawn in as a shield on the opposite side of the arrival platform. A day or two previously I had been reading in *The Long Walk* about the train full of hysterical men being carried 3,000 miles to Siberia; standing up, in 1941. But this is 1956 and here was a prettier

These weightier matters apart, it was Cinderella week on B.B.C. television: the ex-bricklayer's daughter marrying her prince in Monte Carlo, the music publisher's daughter who is the Countess of Harewood seen amid the ancestral surroundings of her husband's family in Yorkshire. Squired by Lord Harewood, we had an enjoyable thirty minutes' saunter through Harewood House, with its grand assault of design and craftsmanship. Relieving us of all sense of trespass on his domain, he relaxed us pleasantly in a tour of inspection that could have been hard going for uninitiates of Adam, Chippendale, and the rest. We saw the royal touch more rigidly applied at the Boy Scouts' march past at Windsor Castle on Sunday afternoon, one of television's best justifications of the week. That was a moving parenthesis in which Queen and Duke stepped aside to meet the young brotherhood's heroic invalids. The sex, that part of it in my hearing, applauded the Queen's new hat, harbinger of what, I gathered, will be a sweeping summer fashion. Earlier in the week, we had seen Her Majesty in the telerecordings of the horse trials at Badminton. They somewhat mistily kept us informed of each day's happenings there.

A viewing week which had been pervaded by Kelly-vision ended with another of the ubiquitous clan talking to us about the well-springs of his early life as an artist. Whatever the final judgement on him as a painter, Sir Gerald Kelly may anticipate it by becoming, soon, a television old master.

REGINALD POUND



As seen by the viewer: the marriage of H.S.H. Prince Rainier III of Monaco to Miss Grace Kelly—the bride, and the young bridal attendants, at the religious ceremony in Monaco Cathedral on April 19



allergy test for self-advertisement, Baron, the photographer, and a cosmopolitan expert on astrology, Louis de Wohl, to whom Jeanne Heal was extravagantly deferential in her programme. We also saw Father Huddleston. While he appeared to be not indifferent to the cameras, he gave no sign of being under the compulsion of 'the ambition of distinctiveness' which was once a clerical sin. Presumably, in the new tasks to which he has been called he will vanish from the public gaze. We viewers will retain an impression of a completely sincere, logical, and conscience-quickenng man.

Like the popular newspapers, B.B.C. television surrendered to the irresistible pressure of 'feminine interest' in the wedding at Monte Carlo and gave it priority of attention over the visit of the Russian leaders, which may turn out to be the more important event in the history of nations. We were given five and a half hours of the wedding and its corollary entertainments, not including telerecordings and newsreels. The total viewing time allotted to the Russian visit, including telerecordings, was two hours and twenty minutes. I will not swear to having watched every minute of the crowning Monaco ceremony, the beautifully sung service in the cathedral. I saw enough to confirm my opinion that the whole affair lacked the inspiration of a great occasion. The transmissions were not flawless in clarity or taste but undoubtedly they ministered adequately to the all-prevailing curiosity. There was a helpful and not too obtrusive commentary, but Richard Dimbleby's voice, while retaining its warmth, seems increasingly to lack colour. I shall soon be coerced into agreeing with those who think that he is doing too much television. There is a point of surfeit

picture, Mr. Bulganin and Mr. Khrushchev stepping down to receive the courtesies of the Prime Minister and his Foreign Secretary. Both the Russians looked as surprised as we were by the stark austerity; no band, no bunting, no guard of honour, not even a tub of hydrangea. I happen to know that they had been told there would be no display but that, none the less, they came expecting it. For our part, we viewers were fully absorbed; the cameras were extremely alert and busy. But Robert Mackenzie, as commentator, was not equal to his opportunity and was specially weak in the who's-who part of it. The Mansion House lunch was another good mark for the O.B. department, whose cameras gave us some excellent sustained shots of Mr. Bulganin making his speech, with a variety of titillating visual asides.



'At Home—Harewood House' on April 18: a water-colour of the mansion by Turner, and (right) the Earl and Countess in the library

DRAMA

Shoeshine and Showers

NATURE ABHORS A VACUUM. The B.B.C. too: we must have murder, so a new murder mystery with the unusual title of 'Opportunity, Murder' began, well enough, this last Saturday. But it will have to work very hard if it is to outdo in sheer awesomeness the trailer or 'puff preliminary' which it received on the previous Thursday. Here the heroine and hero-to-be played by Anne Crawford and Alexander Knox, were rallied by the announcer, Mary Malcolm, who was required to speak 'little girl' lines, such as 'Oo-er, will it be cops and robbers?'—whereat the enigmatic pair played hard to catch and resumed a chat about holiday 'tan' (whatever that is) and ski-ing in Northumberland



Photographs: John Cura



Honor Blackman as Mary and Robert Urquhart as Andrew Berwick in 'The Infinite Shoeblick' on April 19

among hills called it seemed 'the Cheaviots'. This was a spine-chilling few seconds: I shall return to the play itself when I am calmer.

Admittedly on that same Thursday one was not quite oneself. One had been softened, or softened up, if you prefer it thus, by that much-loved play 'The Infinite Shoeblick' by Norman MacOwan. This is a sort of Scots *Dame aux Camélias* only enacted in a different world—the post-1918 world of Edinburgh and the high-liff of Cairo when Shephard's was still standing. Marguerite Gautier is generally, outside Verdi's score, written off as a bit of a bore today. Not, would I protest, by me: but by others. We are told that the whore with the heart of gold is a *cliché*, stemming from a bad old morality and masculine guilt. But she still exercises a certain charm, I notice. Dumas' lady at least had few other failings; she was generous to a fault perhaps, giving her last sous to greedy Hortense when she should have kept them to pay the doctor. But the heroine of 'The Infinite Shoeblick', described by *Radio Times* as a 'good-time girl' but by herself more sedately as a courtesan, had many more rough edges in my opinion. For one thing, she was much given to quoting chunks of Carlyle, all about the Everlasting Yea and so on. Now if I may venture on a little advice to those in search of good times, or indeed of good-time girls in general, it would be avoid the ones who quote Carlyle at you. He has a way of putting a snaffle on the malarkey. No possible good can come of it—except that if you are a logical Scots puritan who lost an arm at Gallipoli and sold your medical thesis to another to get money to pay for cough drops for the afflicted *travata*, then the chances are that—as in this play—you will seek to make a good wife and mother of the Carlylean and end up a widower in a bsmt-sit.

I see that I traduce a well-loved play by such frivolity. This is a common failing of us radio or television critics who would never make a similar blunder in the theatre where the noise of nose-blowing (British form of weeping) would warn us not to mock. How often sitting through his fiftieth 'Hamlet' or 'Butterfly' and hearing it all badly done, does not the critic toss right and left seeking a face as exasperated as his own? How often in the circumstances does he see only eyes agleam, cheeks moist, a whole new generation who was never at 'Hamlet' or

'Butterfly' before and thinks every note and every syllable the purest perfection?

Anthony Pelissier's production of 'The Shoeblick' was inventive in a safe way—example: when the good-time girl at last consented to 'be his' (*videlicet*, the one-armed hero's) we were treated to a positive Cook's tour of significant water gushes, from fountain, spring, and sluice, gradually merging into shots which looked like launching the Westcliff lifeboat and break, break, break on thy cold grey stones, oh library stock. The actual close-ups of the protagonist's face as she made decisions or lay a-dying were most effectively managed, and I thought Honor Blackman, though hardly given such splendid opportunities as Marguerite Gautier ('*Dieu le veut—moi vivante il y aura toujours des taches sur notre amour*', etc., etc.) made much of what she had ('Is there anything on the steeple still?' i.e., a



Scene from 'The Proposal' on April 17, with (left to right) Richard Briers as Lomov, Miles Malleon as Tchubukov, and Gillian Martell as Natalya

gleam of sunset). Robert Urquhart as the humourless Scot, whose friendship and love ended any flicker of 'good timing' for each and both, was admirably sincere. In small parts, Russell Waters as the doctor was unusually good at 'timing' and Catherine Salkeld and Andrew Laurence touched in two studies plausibly. I should not be surprised to hear it greatly moved many people.

Chekhov's one-act 'The Proposal' brought the ever welcome Miles Malleon to the screen and two of this year's prizewinners from the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art in the piece which they had shown their judges. For the rest it was mayhem and mix-up as usual, 'Dreamtime with Barbara', lectures from the Russian visitors (not the circus, this time) and a judge-for-yerself about 'picking pockets'. No reason to complain. Nor need we complain about the new production of 'Arrow to the Heart' which I reviewed when we first

saw it. It has some very moving moments—though this particular *Walpurgisnacht* of the Reich's collapse casts, I find, a dwindling spell on my sympathetic nervous system. For new shows, new notices. All that need be said here is that Robert Harris, Martin Starkie, William Devlin and others were again sincere and often touching.

The instalment of 'Opportunity, Murder', in which Adrienne Corri as a brazen traveller let down her back hair near Crewe and said Mr. Knox had attacked her, was first (or do I mean third?) class all the way. More, please.

PHILIP HOPE-WALLACE

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DRAMA

Over the Shoulder

NOWADAYS BACKWARD-LOOKING can be a crime. We must march, breast forward—or, as I believe they say in the theatre, Brecht forward—up to the very portals of 1984, when presumably all things must stop. But some of us are caught, from time to time, glancing back over our shoulders, comparing and regretting. I confess to having erred twice this week—first when 'Tristan of Cornwall' was acted (Home) by an uncommonly good cast.

This backward-looking was simply wistfulness, for I had met 'Tristan' much earlier, at what is probably the most excitingly framed theatre in the land: the Minack, set in the Cornish cliffs of West Penwith, a vast arc of sea as its permanent cyclorama behind a crescent-shaped turf stage, a skein or so of histrionic gulls above, and after dark, far off, the silver sword of the Lizard Light. For me now 'Tristan' belongs to Miss Dorothy Cade's theatre. Setting had remained in my mind more clearly than play, and I was anxious to know how the text would come through away from those great baulks of Minack granite, the 'unquiet bright Atlantic foam', and the grandeur of a still remote coast.

I had to admit that it came through less well than I had hoped. Nora Ratcliff is a skilled dramatist, and she had here the aid of such voices as those of Yvonne Mitchell (Iseut) and Peter Coke (Tristan). But—and this was not so at the Minack years ago—one found oneself setting the text against other versions of 'Tristan', looking over the shoulder. It stayed,



Cyril Shaps (left) as Major Kartuschke and Robert Harris as the Padre in 'Arrow to the Heart' on April 22

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as it had always been, a reasonable, direct narrative, making discreet use of a chorus, shunning tiresome 'relief', and keeping the romantic sense without a snatch at the purple. And yet something was adrift. The text, I think, fails to become memorable speech. It is all very well to say, for example, that 'the daughters of kings are ivory pieces on the chequer-board of statesmanship'; it is all very well to be firm and sensible: somehow the imagination does not flash.

Now and again I had hoped, as when Yvonne Mitchell used her velvet tones, or when Brewster Mason's King Mark could exclaim, as if he meant it, 'There has come a radiance into Cornwall shall cling to our shores for ever'. Still, I fear that 'Tristan' is a play for a special setting and a special night. It needs to be heard and seen; and though, at the last, I was able to get something of the spirit of 'the three wild shores of the west—Brittany, Cornwall, Ireland', the task was harder than it should have been. A pity, because Charles Lefeaux' production and the general performance gave every aid.

I was looking over my shoulder again during 'Henry at Agincourt' (Home), a sequence from 'Henry the Fifth', for the eve of St. George's Day. The play has been a constant companion in recent years; most of us will have our own ideas of Henry, and our own candidates. Any actor has, so to speak, to play against bogey. Richard Burton, who has acted the part at Stratford and at the Old Vic, seems to me to be likeable but curiously solid. The trumpets do not blaze: he has not the vocal quality to 'lift' the familiar lines. Arguable, I agree: all depends on one's personal notion of the King, and it is probably my misfortune that he does not rise for me in Mr. Burton's image. The sequence, devised by John Gibson, was spoken lucidly throughout, with Dudley Jones to repeat his little Welsh dragon of a Fluellen. For me the glitter of true excitement—though I do recall Mr. Burton's moving delivery of the chronicler's edited casualty-list at Agincourt—came in John Neville's utterance of the line (for Chorus), 'A little touch of Harry in the night'.

In 'The Return' (Third), adapted by Barbara Bray, one looked over the shoulder in another sense. This version of Walter de la Mare's narrative is 'an odd shuffle of souls and faces'. The principal figure, who might have said 'How oft . . . have my feet stumbled at graves', becomes involved, during a churchyard meander, with the questing spirit of a Frenchman, a suicide, 'stranger to this parish', of very many years earlier. Like Jekyll—but less terribly—he finds himself with a new face and with a developing new identity. Here is all de la Mare's gift for frontier-walking, for exploration on the borders of this world and the next. It is a strange, candle-lit invention that nearly comes off on the air, but not quite. In its present form it goes on too long. Though on Sunday Eric Portman acted with imaginative urgency, and there was work to admire by Max Adrian, Avica Landone, and Pamela Alan, one ceased to look over the shoulder after the first hour. Instead—a bad sign—one looked at the clock. Cut this to half its length, and the piece (directed by Donald McWhinnie) will be a radio experience.

J. C. TREWIN

THE SPOKEN WORD

Voices of Children

I LEARNED BY EXPERIENCE during the first world war that I was not more of a coward than my neighbour, but neither then nor since have I been faced with the opportunity of winning the Victoria Cross and so I can only guess at the percentage of heroism that lurks untested in

my make-up: of this only I am certain, that it does not approach the figure of Mr. Robert Gittings', who last summer coolly broadcast an invitation to some thousands of schoolchildren to send him their poems. As a result of this magnificent madness he received, as he told us in a Third Programme broadcast called 'Poems by Schoolchildren', exactly 400 of them. Think of it, or rather don't think of it! However, filtering soon reduced the heap to some fifteen or twenty from which Mr. Gittings selected a dozen for reading in his broadcast.

An interesting question is raised by the fact that the broadcast was given not on the Light nor yet on the Home, but on the Third Programme. What exactly does this imply? The reason for exclusion from the Light was, I think, simply that though the Light listener is ready to lend an indulgent ear to the views and accomplishments of the young, he just can't be bothered with poetry. But the choice between Home and Third is not so easy to account for. The Home listener submits gladly to readings from all our established poets from Shakespeare downwards, when administered by Patric Dickinson and other programme builders, and so, if Mr. Gittings is right in thinking, as he said in his talk, 'that the best of child poetry can be judged, even allowing for certain limitations of theme, as poetry pure and simple in its own right, and not as any kind of educational curiosity', then the Home would surely be the place for these poems, since they are all, whatever their other qualities, of a transparent simplicity. They make no demands on the listener, set him none of those intellectual puzzles which only the Third Programme mind can hope to solve. But the fact that both 'Poems by Schoolchildren' and a recent broadcast by Naomi Lewis on Ella Wheeler Wilcox were given on the Third Programme suggests that both were directed to more sophisticated ears, ears agog not merely for poetry pure and simple, but for qualities or failings which might throw light on the still unanswered question 'What is poetry?' These children's poems were, I think, curiosities and very interesting ones, though not necessarily educational, and they proved once again that the basic virtue of the poet is the sharp eye.

In the very first poem, called 'The Dancer', which I thought also by far the best, it was the arresting image in the last line that set the whole poem alight:

But I only see as I watch her dancing
The swanlike shadows around her feet;

and the poem showed, besides, what most of the others conspicuously lacked, a delicate feeling for rhythm. The second poem, a Nigerian scene, owed all its merit to the sharp eye of its writer. Each detail—the scarlet-blossoming trees, the golden oriole, the praying mantis, the naked black children—was so visibly presented that at first they almost succeeded in disguising the unvarying monotony of the blank verse. On the other hand the claims of rhyme led some of the poets astray, a fate they shared with the poet Swinburne. In only one poem, 'The Swan', did the writer betray an eye less sharp than a poet's should be. 'Their bills are orange, like their feet', she wrote, and rubbed it in, six lines further on: 'Their legs are straight and gold and slim'.

It is often noticed, Mr. Gittings remarked, that in children the writing of poetry ceases about the age of fourteen, as if 'shades of the prison house' have begun to close about the first freshness of vision. That may be the reason, or it may be that the awakening of new interests at that critical age draws the mind away from the secret centre from which the child and the poet look at the world. If that is true, then the adult poet, composer or artist is one of the rare few for whom that distraction was not permanent or complete.

On the other hand the number of those who have never written verse is, I suspect, much smaller than most of us believe. Try questioning your friends. Very few, you will find, can swear to a clean sheet.

MARTIN ARMSTRONG

MUSIC

Some of Our Contemporaries

'ART IS NOT ENTERTAINMENT'—I came upon this gnomic utterance of some learned Oracle shortly before listening on Monday of last week to a concert of Contemporary Music. Sir Oracle was promptly confuted by Honegger's Concertino written in 1925 when the composer was one of the bright young things, unless, as Oracles do, he got round it by further pronouncing this entertaining little work to be artless. For the rest, he had everything in his favour. A 'Liebeslied' by Luigi Nono, which consisted of contrasted chords for chorus at different levels of pitch and dynamic with little or no melodic connection between them, and punctuated here and there by the clash of percussion, was wholly wanting in entertainment-value.

Hindemith's 'Hérodiade', described as a 'récitation orchestrale', proved disappointing to an admirer of the composer—a scrappy and desultory composition. Perhaps Hindemith was oppressed by the earnestness, awful as only an American highbrow artist's earnestness can be, of the dancer for whom he composed the music as a ballet. A 'scene' for violins and pianoforte by Giseler Klebe was even more disintegrated music, like Nono's, of the clinkum-clankum school. And, if Malcolm Arnold's canata for chorus and piano duet on poems by poor John Clare succeeded in suggesting the bewilderment of the poet's brain, that was as far as it seemed to get.

Amid these works, Bernard Naylor's three Latin Motets for chorus *a capella* with solo quartet, shone like a good deed in a naughty world. Here was a composer writing serious-minded, religious music in a conventional medium and, without resort to ye olde modalisme or disjointed modernisms, creating music original in thought and clean in texture. One does not ask that meditations upon the Passion, the Resurrection, and the Ascension should entertain in the superficial sense, but this was music of great beauty and worth hearing again.

The B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra, which has been on tour, gave on Friday at Belfast the second of two performances of Shostakovich's Tenth Symphony. This is the work on which the composer has made a much publicised self-deprecating criticism. It is true enough that he has not written, as his first movement, the true *Allegro* he wanted. But it is silly to laugh at him for his failure. Anyone who has ever made an attempt at creative work, or even tried to write a critical article, knows how the material can take charge of author with results that differ widely from his original conception. Ideally, I suppose, an artist should have complete control over his creation, but, except with men of the greatest genius, that way lies rigidity and the destruction of that appearance of spontaneity that gives life to a work. There is no lack of this sense in Shostakovich's latest work; its weakness lies, I think, in a failure of self-criticism, which should have been applied while the work was in hand and not after it was finished. To put it briefly, the proportions seem wrong, the enormous, sprawling first movement outbalancing the rest; and one does not feel that the work really hangs together as a whole. Do the later movements 'belong' to the first? Still, this symphony probably contains the best music Shostakovich has yet produced.

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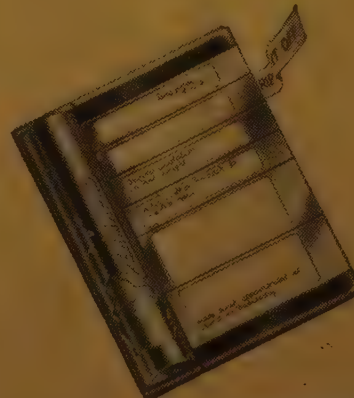
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A new comparative series, in which Weingartner and Toscanini give their readings of Brahms' symphonies, began last week. The remarkable thing about the two recordings of the C minor Symphony was the support they gave to the saying that great minds think alike. There were differences of emphasis in detail here and there; Toscanini made the *rallentando*

to the return of the *poco sostenuto* more pronounced than Weingartner who managed the gradation almost insensibly—which is a point in his favour. Toscanini's performance had more nervous energy than Weingartner's yet the German's reading lacked neither rhythmical life nor sharpness of focus. Toscanini's abrupt chording would, as happens when lesser men

attempt to emulate his manner without possessing his other qualities, tend to disrupt the music but for his steely, yet flexible, control of rhythm. The value of this series lies in the fact that both conductors put themselves at the composer's service, so that we learn more about his music and any comparisons we make are not odious.

DYNELEY HUSSEY

Popular Music of the Past

By BASIL LAM

A programme of Ravenscroft's music will be broadcast at 10.0 p.m. on Monday, April 30 (Third)

OUR impressions of the music of earlier times are based almost entirely upon the professional activities of composers and executants; we forget that under the surface of cultivated and learned art lies a forgotten mass of popular material sometimes very different in character and quality from these superior productions. So far as the Middle Ages are concerned, the disappearance of almost the whole of what must have been a flourishing secular art has helped to form a distorted picture of the musical life of this period; it seems unlikely, for instance, that the popular music of the fourteenth century bore much resemblance to the isorhythmic motet. This division between popular and learned styles has, of course, varied in rigour from age to age; almost non-existent in the later eighteenth century, it has become absolute only in our own day, when the use of popular material in 'serious' composition has, by its self-consciousness, emphasised the absence of any genuine communication between the two worlds.

That popular and learned could combine without embarrassment is shown by the career of such a minor Jacobean master as Thomas Ravenscroft who combined teaching (at Christ's Hospital) and the writing of theoretical works with the compiling of rounds and catches; also, like every musician of his day who could hold a pen, he wrote fantasias for viols, while Ravenscroft's Psalter was a familiar name to church musicians almost within living memory. This, published in 1621, comprises 100 settings of which forty-eight are by Ravenscroft himself. It is only by an effort of imagination that we can picture a musician of today writing string quartets for connoisseurs of contemporary music (Ravenscroft wrote a chromatic fantasia), publishing a treatise on, say, twelve-tone composition, while collecting and composing easy songs for popular use. The virtual impossibility lies in the last-named activity, for nothing found in our mass-entertainment music, with its slipshod harmony and general illiteracy, can be related to a correct style; the music-hall songs of fifty years ago were perhaps the last true, if degenerate, descendants of the tradition represented by Ravenscroft's rounds and catches.

It might be said, without venturing into contemporary literary polemics, that English art has always been provincial, even parochial, and therefore free from the slightly self-conscious glances towards posterity discernible in the 'grand style' of continental traditions. Shakespeare, after all, never made for himself the proud claim advanced for him by Ben Jonson that he was not of an age but for all time (apart from conventional boasts of immortality in the sonnets), and the mass of local and contemporary allusion in the plays is evidence of a vision that could find the world, if not in a grain of sand, at any rate within the bounds of a market town or village. Music as well as the drama expressed this local sentiment, and a vivid impression of the life of the English people in

the early seventeenth century may be gathered from Ravenscroft's three collections *Pammelia* and *Deuteromelia* (both 1609) and *Melismata* (1611), though some of the texts are now as obscure as the topical Shakespearean jests at which we politely laugh in the theatre.

Of the ninety-four rounds in *Pammelia* a third are definitely religious, and several more have some reference to religion, i.e., imitations of church bells; to our minds this is a surprisingly high proportion for a popular collection intended, as Ravenscroft says in his preface, 'to give general content, composed by art to make thee disposed to mirth'. Faced with the task of visualising some convivial assembly disposing its members to mirth by singing 'O Lord in thee is all my trust, give ear unto my woeful cry' or '*Miserere nostri Domine*', we can only exclaim that our ancestors were not as we are and pass on.

Incidentally, it is surely surprising that so many tags of Church Latin should have survived the Reformation by a century and still be sufficiently current among the people to be included in the collection. The music to which these are set shows a wide range of style. No. 31, a kind of troped Kyrie from a former age, is to be sung to a comically trivial scrap of melody, but No. 36, 'Cantate Domino', runs to a dozen bars in solid church style and looks quite impressive until closer examination shows that it produces virtually two chords only, tonic and dominant. Similarly the rounds for six or more voices are for the most part mere fragments of counterpoint exercise material; perhaps they are the folk-music of choirmen rather than the work of composers. Elsewhere we find nonsense rhymes, references to persons, presumably local characters, and medleys of the *quodlibet* kind, one of which includes the ubiquitous 'The woods so wild'. No doubt research would reveal the sources of many others.

That some of the tunes in *Pammelia* are from an earlier time than his own, Ravenscroft makes clear in his preface where he says in a doggerel couplet 'What seems old is at least renewed, art having reformed what pleasing tunes injurious time and ignorance had deformed'. It is by no means clear what he means by 'deformed'. Was he a pioneer in the scientific collecting and restoring of folk-material? Be that as it may, his preface shows that the singing of rounds was widely practised: 'This [i.e., the collecting of his material] did I willingly undertake . . . that all might partake of that which is so generally affected'. He then remarks that the popularity of rounds and catches is due to their modest demands on the performers' skill, 'being such indeed as all such whose love of music exceeds their skill cannot but commend'—an exquisitely tactful approach to the incompetent amateur. He reverts to this selling point when he adds, 'Some very musical yet pleasing without difficulty . . . music's pleasantness but not without easiness'.

Ravenscroft's evident anxiety to reassure his

public ought to make us examine the validity of received impressions about musical activity in Elizabethan and Jacobean England. The popular myth, fostered by enthusiastic historians, depicts a social gathering grouped round a table on which lie part-books of madrigals. Taking their pitch from a near-by lute, these gifted amateurs read their way through the latest production of Mr. Weelkes or Mr. Morley, perhaps in five or six parts. By way of interlude, one of the company picks up the lute and plays a fantasia by Dowland.

This belief in the remarkable skill of Sir Toby and his companions seems to be based on a frequently quoted passage from Morley's *Plain and easy introduction* which runs,

Supper being ended and music-books (according to the custom) being brought to the table, the mistress of the house presented me with a part, earnestly requesting me to sing; but when after many excuses I protested unfainly that I could not, everyone began to wonder. Yea, some whispered to others, demanding how I was brought up.

Crushed by this social humiliation, the wretched fellow hastens to take music lessons.

Quite apart from the fact that it looks as though a solo effort was demanded by the severe hostess, this amusing passage is worthless as evidence. Morley was a professional composer very reasonably interested in sales and profits and this familiar 'document' is an early example of a now familiar advertising technique. For pioneer work in the exploiting of social inferiority it shows remarkable skill, marred only by the perhaps infelicitous exaggeration of the whispering among the other guests, an action which raises queries as to their own upbringing.

It is clear that evidence far less ambiguous would be required to make convincing this idealised view of amateur music-making. Long before Ravenscroft's time professional composers had attained a technical sophistication as far removed from the simplicity of folk-song as a madrigal from the rounds in *Pammelia* or a fantasia of Dowland from the pieces in books of instruction for beginners on the lute; 'Sumer is i-comen in' is far more highly organised than most of Ravenscroft's pieces.

While the centre of our music lies in the great sequence of master-works from the thirteenth century to the present, something of intrinsic, as well as historical, value is lost if we ignore entirely the humbler tradition represented by such forgotten worthies as Ravenscroft.

A series of public lectures are to be given at the Courtauld Institute of Art, London, beginning on May 1. The subjects range from Sir James Mann on 'Arms and Armour in Medieval Art' to Professor A. F. Blunt on 'The Sebastiano Ricci drawings at Windsor'. Fees for the whole course are 15s. or 2s. for any single lecture. Professor Blunt's lecture is free. Applications for tickets should be made immediately to the Registrar, Courtauld Institute, 20 Portman Square, W.1.

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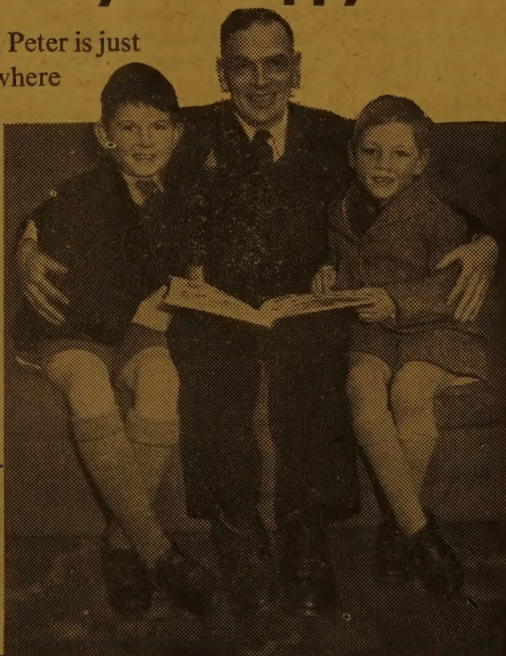
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For the Housewife

The Problem of Vegetables

By LOUISE DAVIES

TO most of us, the main catering worry at the moment is vegetables. First, there is the scarcity and the high price for most green vegetables, then there is the indifferent quality of some root-vegetables at this time of year, and also the high price of potatoes.

First, the subject of potatoes, or, rather, potato substitutes. This is obviously the time to look up recipes for pease pudding, and to turn to dishes served with rice, butter beans, spaghetti, and the rest. One main point to note about rice and spaghetti and macaroni: do not over-cook them. Never let them be soft and soggy right through—they should have a 'bite' to them. You can serve them plain boiled, but I think spaghetti is improved if it is stirred with a little butter and sprinkled with grated cheese.

Here is my suggestion for a rice dish. It is a South African recipe, not expensive but rather exotic. The quantities I am giving are for three people. You will need:

- 4 oz. of patna rice
- $\frac{3}{4}$ of a pint of water
- 1 oz. of brown sugar
- a knob of butter
- $1\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoons of salt
- 1 inch of cinnamon stick
- a handful of seedless raisins
- $\frac{1}{4}$ of a teaspoon of tumeric

Tumeric is the yellow, powdery substance used for colouring things like piccalilli, and it should not be too difficult to obtain. If you cannot get it, this dish would still have a perfectly good flavour, but, of course, not the attractive yellow colour.

To cook, first wash the rice. Put all the other ingredients together in a saucepan and bring to

the boil. Add the rice, and simmer very gently till it has absorbed all the moisture. A special savoury dish, this, to serve instead of the usual potatoes with cold meat.

For a second vegetable, I have been concentrating just lately on the less expensive items—mainly such salad vegetables as beetroot, watercress, mustard and cress—all of these cost pence rather than shillings. Here is one of our favourites: creamed beetroot. It is served hot. Peel and dice a cooked beetroot and reheat it gently in a thick, white sauce. It is important to season the sauce well and flavour it with plenty of lemon juice or a little vinegar.

For those of you who like to get meals quickly, next time you have hot meat—or even a shepherd's pie—serve it with watercress—but not plain watercress. Just before you serve it, dip it in and out of an oil and vinegar dressing which you have sweetened with a little caster sugar. Incidentally, when you are buying watercress, look carefully to see that it is really dark green and fresh.

Lastly, mustard and cress—and, again, that is a little dull if it is served plain. But it looks most attractive with grilled fish if you garnish the tangle of washed mustard and cress with thin slices of orange. And I suggest first sprinkling the fish with some of the orange juice.

—Home Service

In the foreword to his *Cookery Encyclopedia* (Odhams, 18s.) Philip Harben says he has set down practically everything he knows about cooking, and those who use it will find he explains his methods clearly both in words and pictures. This alphabetically arranged guide to good cooking contains in

addition to recipes, gastronomic maps, seasonal menus, and hints on kitchen utensils, carving, and food values.

Notes on Contributors

W. N. EWER (page 487): diplomatic correspondent of the *Daily Herald*

K. ZILLIACUS (page 488): M.P. (Labour) for the Gorton Division of Manchester; author of many pamphlets and books including *I Choose Peace*

MAX MARWICK (page 490): Senior Lecturer in Sociology and Acting Director of the Institute for Social Research, Natal University, Durban

DR. KENNETH STEER (page 492): Principal Investigator, Royal Commission on Ancient and Historical Monuments of Scotland

MAURICE CRANSTON (page 497): historian, and author of *Freedom—A New Analysis*, *Human Rights Today*, *The Philosopher's Hemlock*, etc.

DAVID PIPER (page 499): Assistant Keeper, National Portrait Gallery

DAVID SYLVESTER (page 501): art critic; contributor to sports page of *The Observer*

ROY PASCAL, Litt.D. (page 504): Professor of German, Birmingham University, since 1939; author of *The German Novel*, etc.

R. C. ZAEHNER (page 506): Spalding Professor of Eastern Religions and Ethics, Oxford University, since 1952; author of *Zurvan, a Zoroastrian Dilemma*, *The Teachings of the Magi*, *Foolishness to the Greeks*

T. M. HARRIS, F.R.S. (page 514): Professor of Botany, Reading University, since 1935

Crossword No. 1,352.

1 Across. By Speculator

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Closing date: first post on Thursday, May 3. Entries should be on the printed diagram and envelopes containing them should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, Broadcasting House, London, W.1, marked 'Crossword' in the left-hand top corner. In all matters connected with the crossword the Editor's decision is final

No clue numbers are shown in the diagram, but the lights are shown in order of appearance. Where across and down lights start from the same square

they both have the same clue number. Before putting pen to paper, a word of warning. All answers and letters of answers are to be entered 5 D.

CLUES—ACROSS

1. See title (13)
- 10R. Alice has been through this before (12)
14. A genus of Carangidae (7)
16. A lot of coarse fish? Rubbish (6)
17. Dexterous giant? (4)
19. Tree: night jasmine of India (9)
21. Bend in timber (3)
23. For punishment in the Services you are taken here (4)
- 24R. To soften the old racecourse, vacuum it! (4)
25. Route for Cleric? (11, two words)
- 26R. Trap half a northern game (5)
28. 'And ev'n the breathing air — the rich prize' (5)
- 29R. Belief expressed by high bidders? (8)
31. Christian name of navigator who admits he's a gad-about (5)
33. German town has all the ingredients of a stew (6)
34. Ancient Mariners were glad to be dogged by this (6)
35. Rhyme but no reason (13, two words)

DOWN

1. Papal Poem (11, three words)
2. European river (3)
- 3U. Hot place: unlikely to be missed if you took back (4)
4. Residence found at the simplified end of a complicated plot (5)

5. See poem (10)
6. Asian river (3)
7. Island in the North Sea (3)
8. The choice is his; but the cake could be yours (7)
9. Sign of jealousy (10, two words)
11. Half French and half Scottish philosopher (8)
12. He longed to see himself in the solution (9)
13. Fishy type from Freshwater (9)
15. A store of sea food (6)
18. No latin name for this insect (7)
20. What a state we've reached! (7)
- 22U. Measure of a tall story (3)
- 24U. Clock movement: in need of a regulator? (6)
27. Figurehead of a Royal House (4)
30. Jack becomes feminine when squashed (3)
32. No car for the Indian clerical gentleman (3)

Solution of No. 1,350

T	H	R	A	S	C	I	A	S	S	A	M	B	A
H	A	I	L	E	A	R	L	A	P	B	I	E	R
R	R	B	O	R	E	A	S	M	E	A	S	E	G
A	M	E	R	C	H	A	I	A	N	T	P	E	
W	A	S	S	A	I	L	T	E	R	E	R	O	S
S	T	E	L	L	A	R	I	L	E	V	A	N	T
S	T	A	B	I	S	E	A	T	R	A	L	E	E
H	A	R	P	O	S	E	K	O	S	D	U	N	S
A	N	T	A	N	I	Z	A	M	S	A	N	T	A
K	A	H	M	A	R	E	M	M	A	A	F	E	R
K	N	O	P	T	O	P	S	Y	S	C	A	U	R
L	I	B	E	C	C	H	I	O	I	L	I	R	E
E	G	O	R	A	C	I	N	E	N	O	T	U	S
T	H	E	O	D	O	R	A	S	I	G	H	T	

NOTE

The quotation is from Milton's 'Paradise Lost', x, 699-706.

Prizewinners: 1st prize: Mrs. P. D. Shenton (Walsall); 2nd prize: R. F. F. Dawson (Slough); 3rd prize: H. C. Hepworth (Manchester, 23)

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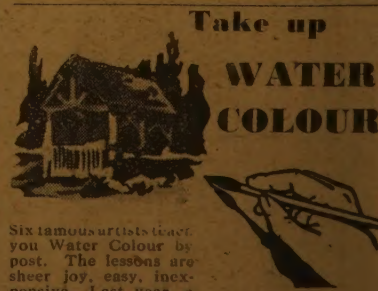
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